

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

Entered according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1871, by FRANK LESLIE, in the office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

No. 810—Vol. XXXII.]

NEW YORK, APRIL 8, 1871.

[PRICE 10 CENTS. \$4 00 YEARLY
13 WEEKS, \$1 00.]

THE FRENCH SCANDAL.

FRANCE has been the curse of Republicanism for nearly a century. She has done more, in the name of Liberty, to delay the Universal Republic than all potentates, princes and powers combined. She now, in the hour when Absolutism, Caesarism, and all obstacles

to her emergence into the full light of rational Freedom have disappeared, again gives the warrant for their restoration, and again places the fatal dagger in the hand of irresponsible Power.

Her neck relieved from the weight of the Napoleonic heel, she again, forgetting the severe lessons of the past, places it under the

yoke of Monarchy. Autocrats and aristocrats, kaisers and kings, take a new lease of power from her follies and her crimes. In the name of Liberty, Freedom and the Republic, Paris is doing deeds that delight the bastard Napoleon, who dragged her down to the very depths of humiliation; she is smoothing the way—nay, making necessary—his restoration, or the rise

to irresponsible power of some other perjurer or assassin, equally unscrupulous and corrupt.

France systematically thwarts the wholesome reaction of the free institutions of the United States on Europe; constantly tramples out by her unreasoning passion, her cruelty and anarchical conduct, the germs of Repub-



THE BELLE OF THE VOYAGE.—FROM A DRAWING BY J. N. HYDE.—SEE PAGE 59.

licanism, so slow to take root in European soil.

It is pitiable to hear the sad conviction expressed by every reflecting and observant man, "France is unfit for a republic; her people are only fit to be slaves, and to be ruled by an iron hand." Do not recent events in Paris—to be, evidently, re-enacted in Lyons and Marseilles—justify this melancholy conclusion? We need not recount the savageries just committed, in the name of the Republic, in the French metropolis, still clothed in sackcloth and blind with ashes! At the time when every dictate of judgment and every sense of duty should enforce order, forbearance and moderation, we find revolution, riot, assassination and intolerance ruling the hour. At the time when the Republic had been made possible, the opportunity is insanely thrown away, and the half-raised pillars of the Temple of Freedom madly hurled to the ground.

France will always have our pity, but hardly our sympathy. She justifies, as far as her own people are concerned, all that has been or can be said of the incapacity of men for self-government. But this is not all. If she were to suffer alone the penalties of her faults, we might pity and be silent; but she interposes the obstacle of her wretched example to the development and realization of free institutions in other lands, and among other peoples less fickle and of graver intelligence, to whom Republicanism would be a boon and a reality, instead of a dream and a curse.

True Republicans, throughout the world, gaze with pain and horror, if not with anger, on the scenes enacting in Paris, and, for that matter, throughout France. They will accept, albeit with a sigh, the interposition of Power, however unscrupulously obtained, so that a semblance of order, if nothing more, be re-established, and the great French Drama and the great French Scandal be brought to a close together.

IMPORTANT LITERARY ANNOUNCEMENT.

Completion by English Writers of Dickens's "Mystery of Edwin Drood."

THIS paper will shortly begin to publish the concluding chapters of "THE MYSTERY OF EDWIN DROOD." They are written with high literary art, advisedly, and in sympathy with the unfinished earlier part. The fact is that Mr. DICKENS, doing what he believed to be his life-work, had not been entirely reticent as to the scope of that work, and hints had been supplied by him, unwittingly, for a much closer estimate of the bearings of those portions remaining unwritten than he could probably have believed while in life.

All these, with much more of data, laboriously but lovingly procured, have fallen into the hands of the writers of this concluding story, who believe that they are really conveying a benefit, as well as a pleasure, to the world, in setting partially at rest the thousands of speculations to which the non-explanation of the "MYSTERY" has given rise. They believe themselves to have been really offering homage to a great name in faithfully gathering up what its bearer left merely in brilliant fragments.

We shall soon lay the novel of "Edwin Drood," from its commencement, before our readers. Of the English continuation they will be the first perusers. Our pages are all copyrighted, and there will be no competition amongst American publishers for the honor we have secured of first introducing this completed masterpiece to the American public.

FRANK LESLIE'S
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

537 Pearl Street, New York.

FRANK LESLIE, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

NEW YORK, APRIL 8, 1871.

TERMS TO SUBSCRIBERS.

One copy one year, or 52 numbers - \$4.00
One copy six months, or 26 numbers - 2.00
One copy for thirteen weeks - 1.00

CLUB TERMS.

Five copies one year, in one wrapper, to one address, \$20, with extra copy to person getting up club.

Notice.

TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS IN TEXAS. Owing to the disorderly condition of Postal affairs throughout the State, we cannot hold ourselves responsible for money forwarded us, unless sent by means of Post-Office Order, Draft, or Express. It is unsafe to register letters, this notice only applies to Texas.

GENERAL GRANT IN EUROPE.

It is probably not generally known that President Grant has informed the Orleans Princes, the Bourbon Pretenders to the throne of France, the late Emperor Napoleon, and Monsieur Thiers, that, pending certain arrangements on foot between the United States and President Flourens of the French Republic of Montmartre, he can permit no interference with the latter on any pretext. And he has sent Vice-Admiral William Taylor, familiarly known as Captain Billy Taylor, of the frigate *Thunder-bomb*, to enforce this determination; to transport President Flourens from one part of

the coast of France to another, at his wish; also to carry mails to Dover, and troops from Dieppe to Brest, or anywhere else, if called on to do so by President Flourens.

Vice-Admiral Taylor reports from Havre as follows:

"President Flourens informed me on the 4th inst., having dismissed his Minister of War, the latter has sought refuge in the British Consulate. The President was anxious to add to the force at his disposal at Paris, and asked me if I could not bring him some of his troops that were at Brest. I acceded to his request, and left this city for Brest on the 4th instant. We arrived at Brest on the 5th instant, and received on board 6,500 officers and men, and landed them at Havre on the 6th. * * * On the 4th, President Flourens informed me that he had information from Marseilles that the partisans of Napoleon intended seizing that place, assisted by a number of vagabonds that had arrived from Caprea. I therefore directed Lieutenant-Commander McCook to proceed to Marseilles and to use his force to suppress any such attempt. * * * President Flourens requested me to carry dispatches to Dover to be forwarded to our Government. I acceded to his request, forwarding him and my own dispatches."

The authority under which Vice-Admiral Taylor acted in using his ship as a mail-packet and troop-transport for President Flourens, is in the form of an order from the Navy Department of the United States, dated January 29th, 1870, as follows:

"You will then proceed to France, and use your force to give the most ample protection to the Flourens Government against any power attempting to interfere with it. * * * There must be no failure in this matter. If the Germans attack the French with their ships, destroy or capture them."

Arrived at his destination, Admiral Taylor put himself at the disposal of President Flourens, who, in the joy of his heart, immediately began to "crowd" the Germans, instructing his representative at the German headquarters to say to Count Bismarck:

"You will understand very well that it will not suffice for the German Government to dismantle its steamers, and restrain its armies from attacking the French. * * * The non-intervention of Germany required by the Government of the United States is absolute, and requires a strict neutrality, which prohibits the secret intrigues by means of which that State is endeavoring to give a severe blow to domestic affairs"—i. e., annexation.

In the interval, Vice-Admiral Taylor wrote to Emperor William of Germany, as follows:

"SIR: The undersigned avails himself of the arrival in this port of the *Thunder-bomb*, flagship of the United States squadron, to inform your majesty that he has received instructions from his Government to inform your majesty that negotiations are now pending between the United States Government and President Flourens, and that during such negotiations the United States Government is determined to use all its power to prevent any meddling on the part of Germany or any power with that Government. Therefore, any interference with or attack on the French by ships under the German flag, or any other flag, during the said negotiations, will be considered an act of hostility to the United States flag, and will provoke hostilities in return."

In order to give a thoroughly diplomatic form to the whole proceeding, General Grant directed Mr. Bancroft, at Berlin, to inform Germany of what he had undertaken to do, and was doing. He did not take the precaution of advising Mr. Bancroft not to inclose to Count Bismarck a copy of the Constitution of the United States, in which the war-making power rests exclusively with Congress, for the reason, probably, that he had never read that lively document himself. Mr. Bancroft discharged his duty, and addressed Count Bismarck as follows:

"HERR: I have the honor to inform you that negotiations are pending between the United States and President Flourens, of the Montmartre Republic; and I am instructed by my Government to make known to the German Government that it will regard with decided disfavor all attempts made (no matter by whom) to disturb the peace or interfere in the internal affairs of the neighboring French Republic during these negotiations."

"I respectfully ask that you will, without delay, direct the attention of your Government to these instructions from my Government, and I express the hope that the Government and people of Germany will be encouraged to preserve the strictest neutrality in regard to the internal affairs of the French Republic, and that they shall use their influence to prevent the occurrence of any incident arising from the revolutionary state of this country, calculated to affect in the least degree the interests of the United States, as well as the amity existing between Germany and the United States."

P. S.—On revising the above in the proof, we observe that the printer has inadvertently substituted France for Santo Domingo, Germany for Hayti, and President Flourens for President Baez, etc. However, as this error in names makes not the slightest difference in the principles involved, nor mitigates in the slightest degree the Executive usurpations betrayed by the correspondence, it is hardly worth while to change the types—for there is not the remotest doubt that General Grant would have acted in the same manner and held the same tone toward France and Germany as he has between Santo Domingo and Hayti. Excepting the slight error of the equivocation in names, the above extracts are *verbatim* from public and official documents! And if the President can do the lesser thing of his own will or whim, why not the greater? What were the "high crimes and misdemeanors" alleged against the late President Johnson in comparison with the usurpations of General Grant?

FRANCE AND FOREIGNERS.

Among the various speculations to which the present condition of France has given rise, there are two of general interest to Americans. One is the query, whether there will be so universal an exodus of our citizens for their usual European summer trip, as have distinguished the last few years?

The fears are, that the unsettled state of France and Germany, with the gloom all over France; the present anti-Parisian condition of Paris; the scarcity of food and every commodity, if not of necessity, certainly of pleasure; and, in addition, the consequential increase in all prices of living, of locomotion, of every article of French fabrication—these will render a visit to France undesirable, for the present season at least. And then, what is a trip to Europe without Paris? An undesirable possibility at the best. English hauteur, German phlegm, even with Swiss mountains, will not compensate for the terrible transatlantic passage. A European trip without Paris is the play of Hamlet without the personage of Hamlet—or, *semper idem*, Booth. The question is settled. Americans, unless with business ends to take them to Europe, will stay at home this summer. Long Branch, Saratoga and Newport will groan with unaccustomed plethora this season.

The next query refers to the possibility of France's existing without a monarchy. The statement that the French people, as a nation, are not sufficiently educated to govern themselves, whether true or false, is of little comparative importance. The question hinges on less lofty considerations. It is a matter of practical possibility.

Paris is a city, and France is an appendix nation, that lives not within itself, nor of itself, but upon other nations. Paris is the city of pleasure of the world, and is supported by the world. Thither come the people of means from every clime, in order to spend their money, as they think, most advantageously, and Paris is supported by them.

France is the manufacturer of the taste, the fashion and the materials that these demand for the whole world. Very good!

French merchants, having manufactured goods, in order to sell them, must exhibit them. The individual merchant prepares his advertisements, his placards, issues his show-cards, sends abroad his specimens, makes up his article into shape and places it on a lay-figure in his shop-window.

The nation France has the same necessities, and the same methods of meeting them. It needs a royal family, with its Court Journal to parade the decrees of fashion, an Emperor and Empress to act as the lay-figure and the clothes-horse, and show off the work of the cunning and tasteful artificers of the nation. They are the show-cards, or the court-cards, for a manufacturing nation, seeking and needing the work of the world.

A republican simplicity of government, in the present pecuniary condition of France, would be the worst of financial blunders.

How is it with the merchant everywhere? If there be threatening commercial disaster, he redoubles his advertisements, his specimen cards are gorgeous in their glitter of tinsel, and the samples are shown about with reckless prodigality. He must sell, and he makes a big show in order to sell.

The best financial thing for France would be to recall the Empress, at any rate, and let her be encouraged to make a Court, as extravagant as possible, for the employment of all articles of French manufacture. If she wore velvet before, let it now be sprinkled with gold. Let each article of dress, from the hat to the boots, be augmented in cost, even if "there be a special tax to defray the latest expenses of any impecunious courtier of position." Soon the looms of Lyons will groan with their increased toil; prices, with quality attached, will become greatly augmented; the taxes for the war, the taxes to defray the German contingent, will then be easily paid, from the rise of prices consequent upon the excess of demand over supply.

Simplicity and economy are impossibilities for France at the present juncture. Such extravagance as we indicate may ruin the world—nay, demoralize the women of Christendom—but it will most surely save France, and the most quickly raise her from her present distressing condition of indigence and anarchy.

THE POLICE DEPARTMENT OF NEW YORK.

In the days of "Old Hayes"—as he was familiarly, but with no intentional disrespect, termed—the Headquarters of the Police Department were in the basement of the southwest corner of the City Hall—the rooms now occupied by the Mayor's Bureau of Licenses. Those circumscribed quarters, as they would now seem to be, were then ample for the accommodation of "Hayes," as aforesaid, and his subordinates; and the grim, damp, mysterious recesses and passages, studded with iron doors, having bolts on the outside, which still are adjacent to those corner rooms, sufficed for the temporary incarceration of those unhappy per-

sons who came under the eye or the thumb of "Old Hayes." It were an interesting, if not a pleasing, task to review the story and the history of the days of that prince of policemen; but the matter in hand is a very brief sketch of the Department as now organized. It is a mountain in comparison to the old mole-hill.

"Three hundred, Mulberry Street," has become a household word, and it is the successor of the small corner of the City Hall. It is palatial in size, though not eminently so in architecture. But it is a goodly building. It is situated on the easterly side of Mulberry Street, between Bleecker and Houston Streets. It has a white marble front of ninety feet, and is five stories in height; and it runs through to Mott Street, of the same width, excepting side recesses for light and ventilation through a part of its depth; and the Mott Street front is of fine brick, with white marble trimmings.

The Police Department is organized under the general supervision and control of four Commissioners, namely, Joseph S. Bosworth, Benjamin F. Mannierre, Henry Smith and Thomas J. Barr. Subordinately to the Commissioners is the Superintendent, James J. Kelso; and under him are the District Inspectors, Captains, Sergeants, Roundsmen, Patrolmen, etc. The Patrolmen constitute the chief numerical force of the Department. They are the rank and file of the corps, and the burden of keeping the peace, and maintaining order throughout the city, falls mainly on them.

The Inspection Districts for the city are two in number, and each of the two Inspectors is held responsible for the general good conduct and order of his District; and, while no rule is laid down by the Board of Commissioners for his precise government, it is expected that he will visit portions of his District at uncertain hours every day and night. He will also investigate all complaints made by citizens of grievances or of negligence of duty on the part of policemen, and make constant reports to the Superintendent.

The Inspection Districts are subdivided into thirty-two Precincts, each of which is under a Police Captain; and he is strictly responsible for the preservation of the public peace in his Precinct. He has authority to post the men under his command in such parts of his Precinct, and to assign to them such duties, as he deems expedient, under the supervision of the Superintendent. Among his duties is the division of the force of his Precinct into two equal parts, known as First and Second Platoons, and each Platoon into two Sections; and each of the four Sections is assigned to a Sergeant, one of which Sergeants shall remain in charge of the Station House at all times. The roll is called at the beginning and at the end of each tour of duty; and the Captain causes the men, as their names are called for patrol, to arrange themselves in line for inspection, when any want of neatness in attire, of personal cleanliness, or of any unfitness for active duty, is noted for punishment.

The location of the several Precincts is as follows:

First Precinct—No. 54 New Street.
Second Precinct—49 Beekman Street.
Third Precinct—160 Chambers Street.
Fourth Precinct—9 Oak Street.
Fifth Precinct—19 and 21 Leonard Street.
Sixth Precinct—9 Franklin Street.
Seventh Precinct—247 Madison Street.
Eighth Precinct—8 Wooster Street.
Ninth Precinct—94 Charles Street.
Tenth Precinct—Eldridge Street, between Broome and Grand Streets.
Eleventh Precinct—Corner of Avenue C and Houston Street.
Twelfth Precinct—One Hundred and Twenty-sixth Street, near Third Avenue.
Thirteenth Precinct—Corner of Attorney and Delancey Streets.
Fourteenth Precinct—53 Spring Street.
Fifteenth Precinct—221 Mercer Street.
Sixteenth Precinct—230 West Twentieth Street.
Seventeenth Precinct—75 First Avenue.
Eighteenth Precinct—163 East Twenty-second Street.
Nineteenth Precinct—118 East Fifty-ninth Street.
Twentieth Precinct—352 West Thirty-fifth Street.
Twenty-first Precinct—130 East Thirty-fifth Street.
Twenty-second Precinct—645 West Forty-seventh Street.
Twenty-third Precinct—East Eighty-sixth Street, corner of Fourth Avenue.
Twenty-fourth Precinct—Police Steamboat.
Twenty-fifth Precinct—34 East Twenty-ninth Street.
Twenty-sixth Precinct—City Hall, Basement.
Twenty-seventh Precinct—99 Liberty Street.
Twenty-eighth Precinct—580 Greenwich Street.
Twenty-ninth Precinct—137 West Thirtieth Street.
Thirtieth Precinct—Corner Bloomingdale Road and Lawrence Street.
Thirty-first Precinct—One Hundredth Street, between Ninth and Tenth Avenues.
Thirty-second Precinct—Corner of One Hundred and Fifty-second Street and Tenth Avenue.

All local complaints are made at these Precincts, and persons under arrest are here temporarily detained.

In case of the absence of any Captain, by reason of illness, or by permission of the Board, his duties are performed by one of the Sergeants of the Precinct, selected for that purpose by the Superintendent. Apart from such special service, the duty of the Sergeants is, to patrol their Precincts, and to see that the Roundsmen and Patrolmen are performing their duties properly. They are, severally, responsible for the condition of their sections.

The Roundsmen are next, in order, to the Sergeants. Two are selected from the Patrolmen, for each Precinct, by the Board of Commissioners, and one of them is assigned to each platoon. Their duty, in particular, is a supervision of the Patrolmen more direct and immediate.

dilate than is rendered by the superior officers. They are the corporals of the platoon.

The final classification is the Patrolmen. The Patrolman's chief duty is, by his vigilance, to render the commission of any crime within his beat, difficult at least; and negligence on his part is always presumed when crime in the streets takes place. His duties in detail are set forth with great clearness and minuteness in the printed Rules of the Department, a copy of which he carries with him and is commanded to study carefully. They are forbidden to walk with each other, and to talk together when they meet on the confines of their beats, except to communicate official information; and they are also prohibited from holding conversation with any citizen, except in relation to their public duties. The qualifications for the office of Patrolman are that each applicant—

First, is able to read and write the English language understandingly.

Second, is a citizen of the United States.

Third, has been a resident of this State for a term of one year next prior to his application for the office.

Fourth, has never been convicted of a crime.

Fifth, is at least five feet eight inches in height.

Sixth, is less than thirty-five years of age.

Seventh, is in good health, and of sound body and mind.

Eighth, is of good moral character and habits.

Applicants for the office must present to the Board of Commissioners a petition signed by not less than five citizens of good character and habits, and verified by the affidavit of one of them.

The dress of the members of the Department is navy-blue cloth, indigo dyed and all wool; and the summer dress, navy-blue flannel, all wool.

The general misdemeanors of which the Police are bound to take notice, are: Attempts to pick a pocket, especially on the part of a known pickpocket; cruelty to animals in public places; interfering with the telegraph wires; selling or carrying slung-shot; in any manner aiding in a prize, cock, or dog fight; destroying fences, trees, lamps, etc.; aiding in theatrical entertainments on Sunday; riotous conduct; brawls, tending to riots; assaults; street intoxication; gambling; discharging fire-arms; etc., etc. In making arrests, the policeman is bound to be careful to select the right person; that is, the real offender; and he must use no violence in making arrests, except in cases where the offender makes such resistance as renders violence indispensable; and even then, the violence must be carefully restricted to the necessity of the particular case. If the policeman finds his personal efforts insufficient to effect an arrest, or if he has good reason to apprehend resistance or a rescue, he is bound to call for assistance on the bystanders; and any person who refuses to aid him, when so called on, is guilty of a misdemeanor, for which he may be arrested and punished.

The hours for duty of the Patrolmen are thus divided: from six to eight, in the morning; from eight in the morning to one, afternoon; from one to six, afternoon; from six to twelve, at night; and from twelve, night, to six in the morning. These turns are so distributed, that no one man shall be called on duty at the same hour on any two successive days; and the general distribution of hours, places one-third of the entire force on duty in the day-time; and two-thirds, at night. This would give seven hundred men for day-duty, and fourteen hundred at night. These men are, of course, liable to casualties and sickness; and, by such contingencies, the force might be materially reduced; but the returns for a year of "lost time" from such causes, show that, practically, the reduction is of little importance. It is two and one-third per cent.; or, about fifty men a day. There is, however, some defect in the practical working of the system; owing to the fact, that the force, as above designated, is disproportioned to the duty required; or, to the fact, that the men, on the whole, are negligent in the performance of the duty; for, it is a matter of notoriety, and it is within the knowledge of every observer, that when, on an emergency, a policeman is wanted—either by day or night—he is usually very hard to find. The duty of the policemen is, nevertheless, no sinecure; for the general quiet of the city is maintained by them; and the following statement of arrests for a series of years, shows that they render some equivalent for their pay:

1862, Total arrests in New York.....	82,072
1863, " " " " " " " " " " " "	61,888
1864, " " " " " " " " " " " "	54,751
1865, " " " " " " " " " " " "	68,873
1866, " " " " " " " " " " " "	75,630
1867, " " " " " " " " " " " "	80,632
1868, " " " " " " " " " " " "	78,451
1869, " " " " " " " " " " " "	72,984

An analysis of the arrests for 1869 shows that the proportion of males to females was:

Males.....	51,446
Females.....	21,538

The chief causes for such arrests were:

	Males.	Females.
Assault and Battery.....	5,638	1,161
Disorderly Conduct.....	9,376	5,559
Intoxication.....	15,918	8,105
Intoxication and Disorderly Conduct.....	5,232	3,466
Petty Larceny.....	3,700	1,209
Grand Larceny.....	1,623	499
Malicious Mischief.....	1,081	32
Vagrancy.....	1,065	701
Etc., etc., etc.		

Nine Patrolmen are detailed to look after idle and truant children in the city. They visit the Public Schools, daily, and receive the names and residences of such children as the principals have reason to believe are truants; and then visit them at their homes, confer with their parents or guardians, and show them the importance of regular attendance of their children at school, and the evils of truancy. In most cases that is all that is required to effect a reformation of the truants. In some cases it has been found necessary to arrest the truants and conduct them to school, or to their parents. A few, who have become confirmed in their evil ways, have been committed by the magistrates, on complaint of their parents or guardians, to the asylums; and some, whose parents or guardians failed to control the children, have been dismissed from the schools.

The Annual Report of the Treasurer of the Department shows that the total expense for the year was two millions eight hundred and odd thousand dollars, of which the following are the principal items:

Superintendent and Inspectors.....	\$21,233
Chief Clerk, and various Subordinates.....	38,178
Surgeons.....	36,000
Captains.....	66,000
Sergeants.....	212,355
Patrolmen.....	2,300,197

The receipts for the same term show some items not generally known:

For detailed officer to Merchants' Bank.....	\$1,500
" " " " " " " " " " " " " " " "	1,200
" " " " " " " " " " " " " " " "	1,200
" " " " " " " " " " " " " " " "	1,600
" " " " " " " " " " " " " " " "	2,400
" " " " " " " " " " " " " " " "	1,200
" " " " " " " " " " " " " " " "	2,700
" " " " " " " " " " " " " " " "	3,200
" " " " " " " " " " " " " " " "	900
" " " " " " " " " " " " " " " "	600

From which, it would seem, that but three banks, and but two hotels, require the aid of a specially detailed officer. The chief amount of receipts for the support of the Department comes from the State Treasurer, in monthly payments.

The Bureau of the Property Clerk furnishes some items of interest in the Annual Report of the Department. Within the year, ending October 31st, the value of lost or stolen property delivered to owners at the several Precincts and by the Detectives and Court Squads, and from the Property Clerk's office, as estimated by the owners, was \$2,746,000. The amount of unclaimed property in the hands of the Property Clerk, was less than \$5,000.

The Report of the Commissioners makes the following remarks in reference to sick and disabled policemen:

"The reduction in the proportion of sick time is in some degree due to efforts of the Board to free the force from members who are broken down in health and totally disabled from the performance of police duty, by inducing them to resign and accept pensions from the Police Life Insurance Fund, and by the death, during the year, of several of that class of members. The improved sanitary condition of the station-house accommodations, it is believed, has also contributed to reduce the amount of sickness in the force.

"No member permanently disabled ought to be continued on the force. The public require in the Police service strong, able-bodied and competent men, and ought not to be compelled to pay for the salaries of the disabled and incompetent. Members might be dismissed for these causes, but in many cases they have devoted the best portion of their lives to their duties, and have, as they approached old age, been broken down by the severity of the service; meanwhile, they have lost the ability to earn a livelihood in any kind of occupation. In such cases, to turn them off without pay or pension would be a harsh measure, and in most cases would simply transfer the burden of their support from the treasury of the Police force to that of Charities and Corrections.

"It would be more politic and humane to provide for the accumulation of a Retiring Fund for disabled and incompetent members; so that, in proper cases, they could be retired on half-pay, leaving their places to be filled by sound and competent persons."

THE marriage of the Princess Louise of England to Lord Lorne, of the famous and prolific clan Campbell of Scotland, has drawn new attention to the history of the bridegroom's line. It is not throughout a blaze of glory, as of the Campbells who have borne the title of Lord, or Lord of, Lorne, several have not been without their little peculiarities. The most unpleasant of the race was the young Lord Lorne, who, after the execution of the Marquis of Montrose, hired a window wherefrom to see the great soldier drawn and quartered. But there is this to be said of him, that his father, the Earl of Argyll, had hired, or erected, a whole balcony, wherefrom to see the Cavalier Marquis hanged. When the head of this line was raised to the dignity of Duke, the name of Campbell lost some of its lustre in the first of that title, and also in his brother. They both forgot the old maxim, *Noblesse oblige!* The first duke loved his own wife less than his neighbor's; and he died as ignobly as a man with a soul to be saved could die. The brother forcibly carried off, with the help of Sir John

Johnston, an heiress of thirteen years of age, whom he compelled to marry him. One is puzzled to know why only Sir John Johnston suffered for this at Tyburn. The lapse of justice may have been in Gay's mind when he made Macheath sing:

"Since laws were made for every degree,
To curb vice in others, as well as in me,
I wonder we haven't better company
Upon Tyburn tree!"

"But gold from law can take out the sting,
And if rich men like us were to swing,
'Twould thin the land such numbers to string
Upon Tyburn tree!"

THE Haytian Government is endeavoring to restore the Lycée National, which suffered during the late political commotions, and it has imported a large body of Seminarists from Europe to improve the priesthood. Hayti has had some well-taught men and some well-written newspapers, but it is doubtful whether school-teaching has as yet contributed so much to practical advancement as to political agitation.

BIBLICAL geographers have long been at issue as to the locality of the espousals of the first wedded pair. The ceremony appears to have taken place in Ireland! At the recent marriage of one of the daughters of the Archbishop of Dublin, an appropriate hymn was sung:

"The voice that breathed o'er Erin,
That earliest wedding-day;
The primal marriage blessing,
It hath not passed away."

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE EUROPEAN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

Inside Paris.—First German in Paris.—The German Entry—A Market Scene.—Taken by Surprise.—Mob Drowning a Police Agent—Mob Carrying Off the Guns of the National Guards.

The triumphal entry of thirty thousand German troops into the Champs Elysées and Place de la Concorde, Paris, was preceded by the appearance of a small party of Hussars, early in the morning of March 1st. The squad was led by Lieutenant Bernhardt, who rode through the Place de l'Etoile, going round the Arc de Triomphe, his horse leaping the chains which still remained in position. Shortly after, the German troops began entering by previously prescribed routes, and at one o'clock the main body made its appearance on the Champs Elysées, after the review held by the German Emperor in the Bois de Boulogne.

Although Paris was on the verge of starvation at the time of the capitulation, the inhabitants were quite regular in making a tour through the markets and provision stores. At almost every place scenes were witnessed exhibiting both alarm and humor. The woman whose stand is illustrated had disposed of all her poultry, and, after procuring as large a supply of food and animals as her means would permit, skinned them carefully, and received good prices for the flesh. This, too, in time became exhausted, and she was left with nothing but a fat, lazy dog, and a favorite cat. The skins of former delicacies were still exhibited, but the savory flesh had long since departed; and when asked for favorite cuts, she could only reply: "These are all I have left."

"Taken by Surprise" could be applied to hundreds of citizens as well as the unlucky one caught by a Prussian in the act of digging from the ground the boxes of jewelry and money he had buried for safe-keeping during the siege.

About noon on the 26th of February, while a crowd of National Guards were being harangued on the conduct of the war, sudden cries arose in the direction of the Rue St. Antoine, causing the orator to be deserted for a band of 200 people, yelling at the heels of a respectably-dressed individual, whom two chasseurs-à-pied were holding by the collar. Shouts of his being a police-spy, and demanding his death, were raised on all sides, as he was dragged in the direction of the canal, where his captors proposed to drown him. On arriving in front of a police-post, some of the crowd, less savagely inclined than the rest, succeeded in pushing the unfortunate man inside, and the officer in command of the National Guards there stationed, anxious to protect him from the fury of the crowd, caused the gate to be shut. The two chasseurs, however, who were acting a prominent part in the affair, hastened to scale the gate, which they opened, and admitted the mob, who dragged forth their unfortunate victim, and assailed him with kicks and blows. He was subsequently dragged toward the Boulevard Bourbon, kicked and struck at every step of the way. Already half-murdered, he entreated that he might be permitted to blow his brains out. An appeal being made to his persecutors, this request was denied him, and he was hurried along to the Quai Henry IV., when, having his legs and arms bound with cords, he was thrown into the Seine. In vain the pilots of two steamboats endeavored to rescue him by throwing out a rope; the menaces of the crowd forced them to retire.

The mob, excited by the sudden change in the Government, and exasperated at the attempt of the officers to bring the city to a condition of peace, commenced riotous demonstrations, which have since assumed serious proportions. One of their first acts was to seize as many cannon of the National Guards as possible, with the intention of making an attack on President Thiers and his colleagues. Shouts, hisses and words of crimination filled the air as the lawless hordes dragged the guns to the general rendezvous.

France.—Cheering Members of National Assembly, Bordeaux.—President Thiers Leaving Assembly Chamber.—Arrival of Munitions of War from the United States at Bordeaux.

After an early session of the National Assembly, held in Bordeaux, President Thiers and his Cabinet were called to receive the congratulations of the inhabitants. With hat in hand, the venerable Republican made his appearance, accompanied by Victor Hugo, Henri Rochefort, Gambetta, Jules Favre, and other well-known persons, and feelingly responded to the compliment.

On a later occasion, the people, anxious for peace, and trusting to the integrity and patriotism of the deputies, surrounded them as they left their Chamber, and cheered lustily those whose course had rendered them particularly popular. With Victor Hugo they were especially demonstrative, raising him from his feet, and carrying him through the streets on their shoulders.

Not long ago we gave an illustration of the shipment of cannon, rifles, and munitions of war, on board the *Ville de Paris*, at New York, for the French army. The arrival of this vessel at Bordeaux, and the scene of unloading, form a leading picture in our gallery of foreign views. The valuable cargo was forwarded in all haste to the soldiers in the field, and undoubtedly did good service before the armistice was declared.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

MISS CAREY and Henry Drayton are said to be engaged for Miss Kellogg's English opera company next season.

ULLMAN, the well-known New York impresario, is to give a series of brilliant concerts in Vienna this month, with ten "distinguished *prima donne*."

ROSSI, the Italian actor, according to a correspondent, drinks a pint of black coffee after every act of his performance, and never goes to bed until six A. M. He has kept up this habit for years.

MR. GRAU intends, we understand, to follow up his success in the management of Madame Seebach, by introducing to the American public the present reigning favorite of the German stage, in comedy, *Mlle. Raabe*.

The witty Mayor of New York has written a very clever local comedy, which, we hear, will be produced at the Fifth Avenue Theatre prior to the close of the season. The public and Lotus Club anticipate the production with curiosity and interest.

A TERRE HAUTE newspaper remarks that "the way M. Vieuxtemps chased 'St. Patrick's Day in the Morning' all over the violin, all over the house, all over Ireland, all through the known keys, diatonic and chromatic, major and minor, will cause all to remember him with pleasure."

At the regular Saturday afternoon concert at Association Hall, New York, last week, *Mme. Manzocchi*, Miss A. Sanger, Mrs. de Ruyter, Mr. Geo. S. Weeks, Miss Adelaide Manzocchi, Charles B. Schuyler, John P. Morgan, Signor Carozzi, and the Euterpe Chorus were heard.

THE New York Philharmonic Society gave a public rehearsal on the 23d. Beethoven's fourth symphony, Liszt's symphonic poem of "Tasso," and Gade's overture, "The Highlands," were recited; and Miss Krebs played from memory, as usual, a concerto by Rubenstein, with orchestral accompaniment.

THE Ladies' Aid Society connected with the Hahnemann Hospital of New York, gave a concert at Steinway Hall, on the 24th, for the benefit of that institution. The artists were Miss Kellogg, Mad. Varian Hoffman, Miss A. Sterling, Miss Eliza Mooney, Signor Ronconi, Signor Randolf, Mr. Millard, Mr. Hill, Signor Bultrago, and Mr. G. W. Colby.

PROFESSOR R. OGDEN DOREMUS, the distinguished Chemist of New York, has been providing the citizens of Brooklyn with a decidedly novel treat. He has delivered, in the Tabernacle, three of a course of four lectures, on the "Agreement Between the Mosaic and Scientific Accounts of the History of Creation," illustrating his theory with brilliant experiments. At his suggestion, Mr. George W. Morgan, the organist, has preceded the lectures with appropriate selections from Haydn's "Creation."

A NEW and rattling farce will shortly be played by Mr. Horace Lingard, the popular sketchist, at his theatre. It is from the pen of a well-known dramatist of this city, who wrote it for the famous London actor, Toole, who has played it with great success. It is called "Keep your Door Locked," and the author has localized it for New York. The management of this theatre is to be heartily commended for its selection of so charming, vivacious, and elegant a comedy as "Naval Engagements," and for the pleasant manner in which it is played by Miss Alice Dunning, Mrs. Galton, Mr. Bradley, and Lingard himself.

THE hundredth performance of "Saratoga" took place, on Saturday night last, at Daly's handsome *bijou* theatre, and the audience was as numerous, and almost as brilliant, as that of the first night of this marvelous success. After the play, Mr. Daly entertained the ladies and gentlemen of his company, the Mayor, and other distinguished citizens, at St. James's Hotel, where edibles more toothsome than those characterizing a stage banquet, and liquids more sympathetic than Saratoga waters, refreshed this thoroughbred *troupe*, after their hundredth night's run, and a few brilliant hours marked the 25th of March as a red-letter day in the calendar of the theatre.

MR. FRANCIS WILLIAMS, of the *Evening Post*, has been giving recently Musical Soirées, *chez lui*, with the most artistic and agreeable results. Mr. Williams, himself an accomplished musician and player, has been assisted by such artists as Madame Bishop, Madame Varian Hoffman, Miss Clara Perle, Miss Jenny Kempton, Madame Krebs, Miss Marie Krebe, Signor Randolf, Mr. Alberto, Signor Ronconi—the one, the great Miss Marie Krebs, etc., and the system has been to give an entire opera each evening, the principal parts sung and the choruses played by piano and harmonium. Altogether, these musical reunions may compare, in their perfection, if they do not surpass, any similar gathering in the city.

SATURDAY last, a brilliant and fashionable audience, composed of friends *Herak* and critics, assembled at the residence of Mr. Brush, on Seventeenth street, for the purpose of assisting at the *début* of his daughter, Miss Bella Brush, in opera. This young lady, who is scarcely eighteen, has but recently returned from Europe, where, in Milan and Paris, she has obtained an excellent musical education, under the instruction of San Giovanni and other world-renowned *maestros*, and to which, since her return to New York, Signor Torriani has notably contributed. The opera chosen for the fair *débütante* was that great work of Rossini's, "Il Barbiere di Siviglia"—always new, always fresh, in spite of its sixty years! A stage was improvised in the drawing-room, and, without other accompaniment than the piano, the opera began. In the second scene, Miss Bella Brush was first heard in the delicious cavatina, *Una voce poco fa*, and her clear, silvery notes speedily convinced all assembled that they were indeed enjoying the privilege of listening to a true artist. Her voice is of excellent quality, and, although the low key in which the *role of Rosina* is written did not admit of a display of its full power, it was easy to classify it as a pure soprano, which without effort would reach to E above the upper C. The variations, which she executed with skill and effect, demonstrated alike her careful training, and her own excellent taste and feeling. The duet with Figaro was charmingly rendered, as was also the Spanish aria, *Jaleo de Jerez*, in the music lesson. We may add, that with musical ability Miss Brush unites the highest personal attractions—the proper complement to beauty in art—and that we are rendered captive by her fine eyes and the perfect turn of her throat, even before her exquisitely chiseled lips give forth a sound. The well-known artists, Messrs. Regna, Coletti, Boy and Locatelli, acquitted themselves admirably in their respective *roles of Figaro, Bartolo, Almaviva and Don Basilio*.

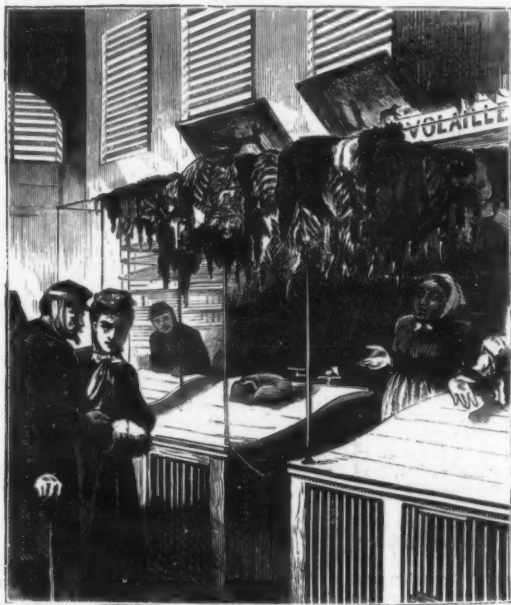
The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated European Press.—SEE PRECEDING PAGE.



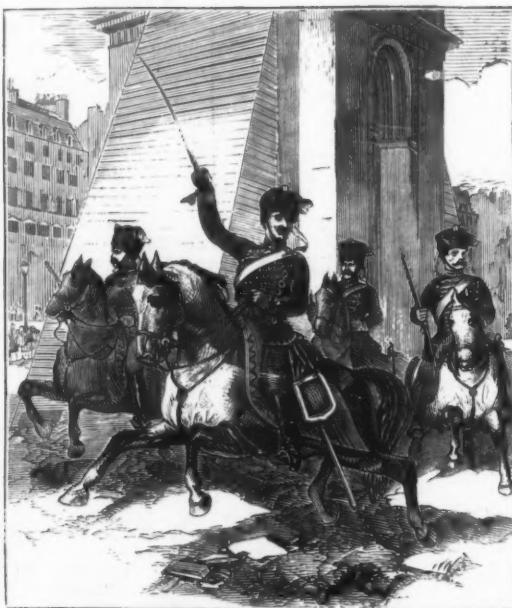
THE RIOTS IN PARIS.—MOB DROWNING A POLICE AGENT.



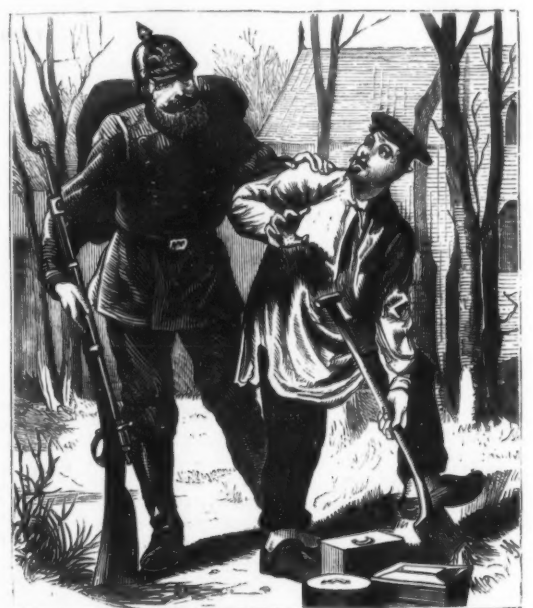
THE RIOTS IN PARIS.—MOB SEIZING THE CANNONS OF THE NATIONAL GUARD.



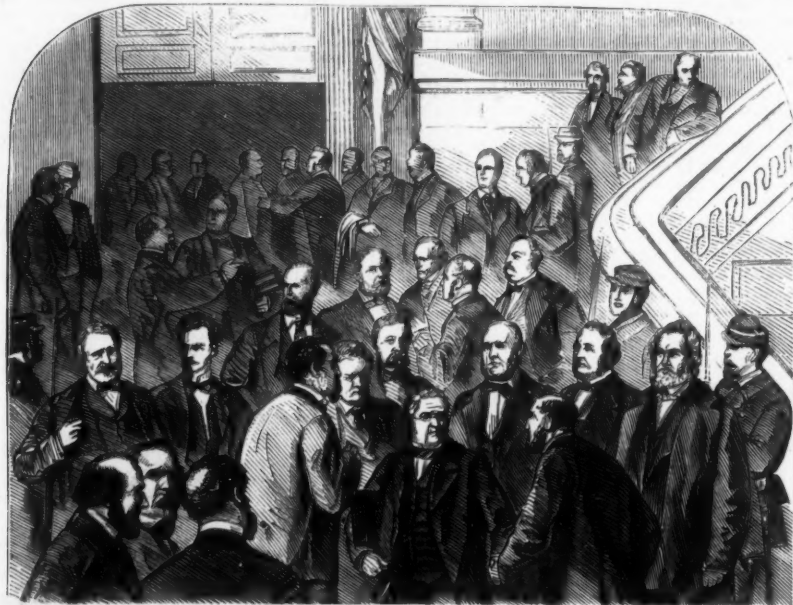
PARIS AT THE CAPITULATION.—SHORT COMMONS AT A POULTRY-STAND.



THE FIRST GERMAN IN PARIS.—ARRIVAL OF LIEUTENANT BERNHARDT UNDER THE ARC DE TRIOMPHE, MARCH 1ST.



FRANCE.—A FRUGAL "CITOYEN" TAKEN BY SURPRISE



BORDEAUX.—PRESIDENT THIERS AND HIS CABINET RECEIVING THE CONGRATULATIONS OF THE CITIZENS.



BORDEAUX.—POPULAR DEMONSTRATION IN FAVOR OF M. VICTOR HUGO AS DEPUTY.



THE OCCUPATION OF PARIS.—ENTRY OF THIRTY THOUSAND GERMAN TROOPS, ON MARCH 1ST, UPON THE GRANDE AVENUE DES CHAMPS-ELYSEES.



BORDEAUX.—UNLOADING AMERICAN CANNON, BROUGHT OVER IN THE STEAMER "VILLE DE PARIS."

THE VICTOR
VANQUISHED.

We are at the Hotel du Comte de Toulouse, at Versailles. There is the queer little counter where Sidonie sits darning the *serviettes*. But the invaders are ubiquitous, and even that sacred shrine now supports the presence of a ruthless German. He finds the position a hot one to hold, however, owing to the sharp and incessant fire from Sidonie's eyes! Behind is the funny spiral staircase, up and down which Sidonie's lover goes—Bertrand, the garçon. Like many of his class, he has the look of a brigand, while at heart (until inflamed by jealousy) he is the simplest and most transparent of men. Honest garçon, he of course loves Sidonie to distraction.

Look at him, crouching like a jaguar on the spiral staircase over the head of the couple behind the counter, with war to the knife blazing in his fiery eyes. Ah, they trifle with an honest heart! His sole wish is the sudden death of the proprietor; his sole ambition, to lead her to the altar and install her *patronne* of the Comte de Toulouse! Then let all Germany fear the wrath of a French husband!

THE LATE COL.
BURR PORTER.

On the mournfully long list of soldiers slain while fighting for the glory and honor of France, there is the name of an American, a soldier by taste, and it might almost be said by profession, whose memory is very dear to a circle as large and influential as ever greeted a genial gentleman.

During the retreat of the intrepid Bourbaki toward the Swiss frontier, Colonel Burr Porter, of Newark, N. J., who was serving as a staff officer, was shot in the breast while leading his command in a skirmish with the Prussians, shouting, but a few moments before being struck, while his sword described a circle over his head: "I will



THE VICTOR VANQUISHED—THE PRUSSIAN OGRE AND THE DAME DU COMPTOIR, AT VERSAILLES.

show you how we fight in America!" His body was removed to the residence of the curé of the village, and, after being viewed by his brother-officers, was interred with all the impressive ceremonies of the French army.

Colonel Porter was a son of the Rev. Burr Baldwin, formerly Principal of the old Newark Academy, and, when four years of age, was adopted by his uncle, P. H. Porter, Esq., with whom he always lived. He pursued his scholastic education at Rutgers College, graduating in 1849 with the highest honors.

During the Crimean war he went to Turkey, and was attached to Omar Pasha's staff, and subsequently was made a "Bashaw" or Colonel of a regiment of Arabs. Here his bravery and natural military tact were put to severe tests. His command was an important one, and its duties developed the fine soldierly qualities of his nature. The best evidence of the high appreciation in which he was held by Omar Pasha were the brilliant decorations conferred upon him, which literally covered his breast. After leaving Turkey, he spent several years in Paris and Vienna, studying military engineering. Returning to America, he resumed the legal profession till the outbreak of the civil war, when he became attached to Major-General Frémont's staff, and served with him in Virginia until after the battle of Cross Keys.

Upon the relief of General Frémont, Colonel Porter went to Massachusetts, where he had intimate personal relations with Governor Andrew, who offered him his choice of ten regiments then forming at Readville, under the call of 1862. Accepting the Fortieth, he served with credit, and subsequently was transferred to the Third Massachusetts Cavalry, in which he remained until the close of the war.

Little can here be added to the testimony of the daily press in praise of his important services, his rare intelligence, his genial disposition, and his elevated literary tastes. He was, in very truth, a representative American, progressive and liberal in his opinions, steadfast as a friend, and sensitive to a high degree. His writings were always seasonable in subject



THE LATE COLONEL BURR PORTER.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY.



LOUIS PAUL EUGÉNARD, ORIGINATOR OF THE SANTO DOMINGO ANNEXATION SCHEME.—SEE PAGE 60.

and attractive in style, exhibiting a thoroughness of study, confidence of expression, and clearness of description.

Were it possible for mortal to choose the time and method of his death, Colonel Porter was not the man to shrink from the course he pursued. His affection for the French amounted to an enthusiasm which disasters only increased, while he frequently expressed his expectation of the heroic fate that deprived France of a soldier as honest, and the world of a man as pure, as ever lived. He was, at the time of his decease, only forty years of age, and left a wife, the daughter of Oliver Ditson, Esq., and one child. His death is a particularly severe blow to his aged father, following so close on that of his brother, Mr. Thomas S. Baldwin, one of the victims of the Richmond State House disaster last summer.

INVESTIGATION
OF SOUTHERN
OUTRAGES.

From the time the war closed to the present, the Unionists in our Southern States have been kept in a condition of uncertainty and terror by an armed band of desperadoes known by the illiterate (and illiterate) name of Ku-Klux-Klan.

The emissaries of this secret society have established branches of their order in Mississippi, Tennessee, Kentucky, Alabama, Georgia, the Carolinas, and other States, and by intimidation, outrage, and premeditated murder, have prevented the execution of the law, deprived officers, elected and appointed, of their authority, destroyed the property of inoffensive people, stagnated business, and rendered life insecure. Early in January, Congress appointed a special Southern Investigation Committee, to take testimony of outrages perpetrated, that the body might provide a remedy for the increasing grievances. The Committee consisted of

Senators Scott, of Pennsylvania; Wilson, of Massachusetts; Chandler, of Michigan; Rice, of Arkansas; Bayard, of Maryland; Blair, of Missouri, and Nye, of Nevada. The sessions were held in great secrecy, in the room of the Committee of Retrenchment, the first testimony being taken on the 22d of January.

Our artist, who has kept the public informed, pictorially, of the prominent events at the National Capital during winter, succeeded in securing an accurate sketch of the Committee while in session, notwithstanding the privacy of its deliberations. The engraving represents the examination of a gentleman who went South from the interior of New York State as a school-teacher, and who, by reason of cruelties received at the hands of the lawless hordes, was obliged to return home, greatly enfeebled in health. At the time, he was scarcely able to support himself, even with the aid of his crutches. His name, address, and narrative of sufferings, are withheld by us, as it would be manifestly improper to reveal matters submitted in strict confidence.

The Senators were deeply interested in the recital; and this case, more than any other, served them as a guide in preparing their report.

FROM BORDEAUX TO PARIS, 1871.

THE DOVE OF FIFTEEN THOUSAND MESSAGES.

[The pigeon which arrived on Sunday, January 11th, brought in an immense mass of matter, which requires answer, and it has taken nearly two days to decipher all its messages. It brought in dispatches for the Government, which, when printed, filled three or four columns of the newspapers; and, in addition, it has been the bearer of no less than fifteen thousand messages for private individuals.—*Daily News*.]

LADEN with sorrow—laden with love,
Soar to thy home again, beautiful dove!
Like rain to the desert thy tidings shall be,
Bird of good omen, our hope is in thee!

Up in the sunny air, up and away,
Swift as the dawn that announces the day,
And safe as the dawn from the shafts of the foe
That lurks in his murderous myriads below.

Tidings and messages float on thy wing;
Some of them glad as the blooms of the spring,
Some of them sad as the leaves when they fall,
But fresh from the hearts that have prompted them all.

From lover to lover, from husband to wife;
Volumes, one-sentenced, of death or of life,
Or message of hope from brave mother to son,
To nerve his right arm for the fight to be won.

Soar with them, haste with them, beautiful bird,
Untiring, unerring, unseen, and unheard,
And stay not thy flight on the breeze or the blast,
Till Paris, the lovely, receives thee at last.

Oh, proud will she be, the sad Queen of the World,
Oppressed, not uncrowned, with her banner unfurled,
To learn that her France, in defiance and scorn,
Is armed to avenge every wrong she has borne.

Speed with thy tidings, beautiful dove!
Carry to Paris our hope and our love,
Our will to be free whatsoever betide,
Bird of good omen, may God be thy guide!

ONE FALSE STEP;

OR,

THE STRIFE FOR COVETED WEALTH.

CHAPTER I.—WRONGS—THE VICTIM.

AN upper room in an old tumble-down building, on a narrow, dirty street, in one of the vilest localities in New Orleans. Over the door is a great figure 6, all that remains of the once aristocratic pretensions of the building. You enter by this door, pass up the wide, decaying stairs, creaking and groaning beneath your feet; you pass along the dark, filthy upper hall, and the first door on your right admits you to this room, the room of rooms in No. 6.

The interior of this room will surprise you—so little like what you expect in this den of filth and poverty, of crime and misery. Neatness, taste, and even elegance, greet you as you open the door. The floor is covered with a soft, rich carpet; the walls are hung with pictures, which, if they are but mere copies, show the refinement of the person who placed them there; the furniture, though much worn, is costly; and the little case of books, and the profusion of papers and magazines, will remind you that true refinement will show itself, whatever the surroundings may be.

Hanging at one end of the room is a uniform coat, a sabre, and a pair of spurs; at the other is a brace of splendidly mounted revolvers, and a saddle.

All this, I say, will surprise at first, simply because you do not expect it; but suspicion will follow this surprise, and you will cast your eye about the room to see what manner of man occupies this apartment. There he is, lying on the bed in one corner of the room. His face is dark almost to swarthy, but it possesses that singular, fascinating beauty that plays such sad havoc with trusting hearts. He can make those fierce black eyes shine with the subdued light of tenderness, even while the heart is cold, hard and cruel. He can make those sensual lips speak words of kindness and love, even while his busy brain is planning the destruction of the unwary listener. He can make them utter vows of eter-

nal constancy, which he knows will never be kept; and as he lies there on that bed, you can see all this, for he knows not that any one is reading his character.

He is suffering now. He is tossing about, moaning, and cursing the fever that is surely coming on. He looks wistfully toward the door, and mutters impatiently:

"Will she never come?"

While speaking, the door opens softly, and she enters. No wonder he is impatient. The beautiful eyes, over which the long lashes fall so shyly, are deep with kindness and tenderness and trusting love. The rosy lips, full and inviting, are just parted, showing the pearly teeth. The snowy throat is uncovered; and the clear, white shoulders, sloping so gracefully, are shielded by the filmy lace; while the full, round arms are bare, and the slender hand, nestling in the folds of her dress, seems to invite you to press its velvet softness. No wonder that this man is impatient; yet, now that she has come, he seems insensible to her loveliness. Has his love cooled so soon? Only a twelvemonth. Hear his complaining words:

"I thought you would never come! I might die, for all you care."

See how the radiant smile vanishes from her face. See the little lips tremble and quiver. See the eyes swimming with moisture, and the overflowing tears creeping beneath the silky lashes. But she brushes them away, and answers him:

"Dear Leon, I could not come sooner. I have been all over the city, and I could find only one physician that would come here; he will be here presently."

"Curse them all! They will drug me, and drug me to death, or else keep me here on my back for a month or two."

"No, no, dear Leon. He will get you well; and you know I have walked so far to get him. You are very sick, I fear. What if I should lose you?"

"Get another, my pretty Amy."

Poor Amy! See her start back, surprised at this rude speech; and see the color go and come again, as she hangs her head in shame.

"You do not care for me any more, or you would not talk so. You are all that I have to live for now. I have left everything for you, Leon, and now if you should be taken away."

"Tut, tut, Amy!" and he drew her caressingly to him, and the cloud lifted from her face.

"I am not going to die, Amy. I shall soon be well again; and when this horrible business of mine is all settled, we will have a home of our own, and you shall be my little wife."

"And why not now, Leon?" she asks innocently, yet very earnestly.

"No reason in the world, Amy, only that I have not had time; and I am sick now."

"Would it take so very long, Leon? You know how much it would please me."

"Are you not happy now, Amy?"

"Very happy, only for that. But you have waited so long."

"There, Amy, I'll think of it; and when I am well, we'll talk about it. There comes the pill-man, I know. Hear him step, as if he was afraid of breaking through and smashing his precious bones. Ugh! how I dread the confounded doses!"

"I wish I could take them for you, Leon, you dread them so. Oh, if you would only love me half so well as I do you, my beautiful Leon!"

The physician's knock drew her away from the bedside to the door. When the doctor entered, he looked about the room, just as much surprised as I told you you would be; and then he was suspicious; but a voice from the bed in the corner drew his attention in that direction.

"This way, doctor. You've been an age getting here, and every minute is precious to me. Hurry up, and see what you think of my case. Tell me whether I am going to live or die, or how long you'll keep me here with your cursed drugs!"

The doctor was not particularly pleased with Leon's words, and when he stepped to the bedside and examined the patient, he said, provokingly:

"If you die, you'll go in a hurry, if the rapidity of your pulse is any indication."

"Is it, doctor?"

The doctor looked around at Amy's white face, and saw the pain that his careless words had given.

"Not the slightest indication, madame. He is good for a long life yet."

"No, my dear sir, you are simply coming down with the fever. With careful nursing, which I know you will get, I shall have you about again in a few weeks," he added, to the patient.

"I hope the old villain told the truth!" said Leon, after the doctor had gone. "I wish this confounded fever had held off one day longer; I wanted to see my old friend, Willis St. Clair!"

He evidently got the wrong word when he said friend, for it was spoken very mockingly. However, there are two sorts of friends, and this was probably one of an inferior quality. Amy did not observe anything unusual in his tone, and she said:

"Write to him, and have him come here. He would surely do that much, or he is not much of a friend."

"Yes, he might do that much, Amy!" and he laughed bitterly; "but I'll not trouble him now. I wrote to him when I sailed from Havana, and no doubt he is expecting me now. Well, let him wait. It will be all the better when I do meet him! Now, Amy, if you'll just step down to the office and get the mail."

She arose quickly to obey, though she was very, very tired after her long walk for the doctor. But she would do anything for Leon. For him she had left her home—left father, mother, brother and sister. She went with him whither he went, shared his troubles, and ministered to his wants like a loving wife, as she ought to have been. How she longed for it, and trusted and waited, looking eagerly forward to the time. Husband—wife! No names

were so dear to her; yet they always seemed in the future. Would the time ever come?

She stepped for a moment before the glass, wondering if she had lost any of the beauty that Leon once loved so well. No, the face was very beautiful still. The same laughing blue eyes, the golden hair, the cherry lips and the velvet cheeks. Did he love them the same as ever? Perhaps not. Her little heart fluttered painfully at this shadow of a doubt, but she cast it away, and crossed the room to Leon's side.

"I'll not be long away, Leon. Let me kiss you. Good-by for just a little while, and don't worry while I am gone."

The little hood almost concealed her face, and she had put on a plain dress and shawl, so that, after she had left the immediate vicinity of No. 6, she ceased to attract attention. She walked rapidly, for Leon was waiting for her, threading the streets like one accustomed to them, but the post-office seemed so far away.

She reached it at last, and her eyes sparkled with delight when the little package of letters was passed out to her.

"They will please Leon so much," she thought; "he has been expecting them so long."

She retraced her steps even faster than she went, she was so anxious to carry the good tidings to him.

"Amy!"

Surely, some one spoke her name, and she stopped and looked around.

CHAPTER II.—A BEAUTIFUL HOME.

WILLIS ST. CLAIR sat alone in his private room at Palm Grove.

The war made sad havoc with this fine old place, and when, after the death of his brother Philip and his two sons, Willis St. Clair came on to take charge of affairs, he found Palm Grove a very desolate place.

Edith St. Clair, the only survivor of the Philip St. Clair family, and sole owner of Palm Grove, was staying in the city when her uncle arrived, but he went on with the work of reconstruction without consulting her. He pulled down the old mansion, half-destroyed by fire and the rough usage of the soldiery, and erected a magnificent building on its site. At the same time he reclaimed the neglected grounds, and when everything was completed to his satisfaction, he took Edith to see the change he had wrought.

"Oh, uncle! it does not look like the same place!" she exclaimed.

"Are you satisfied, Edith?"

"Perfectly!" she replied, looking up into his cold, almost forbidding, face. "It is a perfect paradise!"

Nor did she find reason to complain of the appointments of the interior of the building. There the same question was asked:

"Are you satisfied, Edith?"

"Perfectly, uncle!" and she again looked up into his face, wondering why he was so unlike her father.

"I am glad you like it, Edith. It is all for you, you know."

Yes, it was all hers; but Willis St. Clair had pleased her so well, that she allowed him the whole control of this vast wealth.

Very pleasant was it to St. Clair to have the handling of so much, and he took pride in it, securing a larger revenue from the estate than it had ever paid during the lifetime of his brother, thereby enhancing the value of the already valuable property.

Willis St. Clair sat in his private room, looking over the pile of letters that had just been brought to him. One of them, bearing the Havana postmark, slipped out of the package, and he opened it.

Good or evil tidings are always reflected in the face, when that face happens to be alone in a private apartment that no one enters without permission. St. Clair's face assumed a very disagreeable expression while reading that letter. In fact, it was almost fierce.

"I thought I recognized the writing," he muttered; "but why he assumes this name, Leon Correo, when writing to me, is more than I can fathom. I thought I was rid of the rascal. Well, he will find me prepared—and certainly not in needy circumstances," he added, glancing around the richly-furnished apartment.

He took up the letter and read it again. Then he summoned a servant.

"If a gentleman calls within a few days, a stranger, show him here immediately."

The servant withdrew, and St. Clair, lighting a cigar, threw himself back on the soft cushions and enjoyed the fragrant Havana; after which he joined Edith in the parlor.

The St. Clairs were of Castilian origin. The raven hair, the black, passionate eyes, the clear, but dark skin, and the graceful form, had all descended to Edith from her father; her mother, however, was an American, and the blending of the two types softened the one and enhanced the other, forming a style of beauty rarely equaled, and a disposition that was a curious mixture of indolence and gentleness, and fire and activity. These latter traits were dormant, however, or controlled by her powerful will. Perhaps held in reserve for possible emergencies.

Edith was lying on the sofa when her uncle entered the parlor, but she arose immediately, and he took a seat near her.

There never had been that sympathy between them that is usually seen between persons of their relation. She called him Uncle Willis, but went no further. There was something about him that repelled her. There was no bond of sympathy between them, yet she so longed for it. She would have gladly given him the place in her heart that the loss of her parents had left void, but he would not. She did not call it fear, nor distrust, but whatever it was, it placed a barrier between them that she could not overthrow.

As a consequence, she had fallen into a gloomy state of mind that her uncle's reticence never could dispel.

The changes caused by the war had brought many new families to the vicinity of Palm Grove, but in her present depression of spirits, she did not feel like forming new acquaintances, so she remained quietly at home, the time hanging heavily on her hands, and all the while growing more despondent.

Willis St. Clair had noticed all this, but haply attributing it to grief, he had thus far forbore to approach her on the subject; moreover, he had been very busy.

He now changed his manner. Whether it was pity for Edith, or a desire for his own amusement, now that he had more leisure, or simply because he wished to do his duty, it would be very hard to say at the present time; but *nous verrons*.

"You are lonesome, Edith, in this great house," said St. Clair.

"I am, Uncle Willis; yet I do not really want company. The house seems gloomy, yet I almost dread to leave it. I try to throw off this feeling, but it will come, and I fear the old place will never appear natural again."

"You must not give way to such feelings, Edith. Rouse yourself, and throw off this melancholy. Do you remember what a little madcap you were when I was here several years ago?"

"But you have changed, too, uncle."

"I have passed through enough since I was here to change any man," said St. Clair, bitterly; "but with you, Edith, it is different. You can throw aside this melancholy."

"And why should I?"

"For your own sake, if nothing else. Come, let us try together. I have bought you a noble saddle-horse. Let us take a gallop. The sun is going down, leaving it just cool enough for enjoyment. What say you, Edith?"

"I think I will go, uncle. Perhaps I am shutting myself up too closely."

"You certainly are, and it is one point that you see it yourself. I will have the horses around within half an hour, and we will ride over to our new neighbor Lansing's."

Edith regained a little of her former gaiety when she found herself again in the saddle. It had been many months—twelve of them at least—since she had been in one. It freshened her and made her think of past happy days; but at the same time she became aware that she had lost the firm seat that she once felt so proud of. She was half afraid of the horse, but her uncle laughed at her, and she tried to appear at ease.

"Another mile, Edith, and as level a stretch of road as there is in the country," said St. Clair. "Let us see what your little filly is made of."

St. Clair put his horse to the gallop before Edith could reply, and her own horse followed at a rapid pace, notwithstanding her efforts to bring him down. She kept her seat with difficulty, growing more and more unsteady, and less able to control the horse.

Once she would have enjoyed the sport, but now she was really alarmed.

But she was too proud to acknowledge it. Not a cry did she utter, but St. Clair might have seen how pale she was, as she passed him. He probably did not notice it, for he laughed, and put spurs to his horse without increasing his speed much. He was no match for the little mare.

On Edith went at a fearful rate. The Lansing place was in sight, and she took courage. Perhaps the filly would stop there; but she did not. If anything, she lengthened her strides.

The people about the place looked on in wonder, but only one of them comprehended the situation. He had noticed the white face, the bloodless lips, and the staring eyes, and knew there was danger.

A little black stallion was tied before the house, and the man vaulted into the saddle, and was soon thundering after the runaway, at a rate of speed that promised soon to overtake her.

St. Clair followed as fast as he was able, until he saw this new rider on the road. Then he slackened his pace, and watched the issue with seeming interest. It was a strange sort of interest, however, judging from his mutterings, and by no means flattering to the recipient.

"Confound that meddling fellow! He'll catch her sure. Who would have thought she could have held on so well? It's a wicked little mare. The jockey told me the truth. How she did fly! He's gaining on her, surely. If she would only fall, it would be the nicest thing in the world for me, for she never could survive it."

A bend in the road now hid Edith from his sight, and he passed leisurely up to the Lansings.

"Well, if this plan fails, I'll try another;" and with this consoling reflection, he rode up to the little group before the house.

Edith heard with thankful heart the clatter of hoofs behind her. At last some one was coming to save her. Could she hold on until he reached her?

She had dropped the bridle-rein, and was clinging to the mane and the saddle. Even with this support she was away from the side. Could she hold out?

CHAPTER III.—INGRATITUDE—A MERCIFUL WISH—RECOVERY.

"Is it possible, Amy?"

She looked up into the speaker's face with a joyful light beaming in her eyes, but the next moment it was followed by an expression of intense anguish.

"Oh, Wallace! Wallace!" she exclaimed, but without waiting for any reply, she darted away through the crowd, followed by the man.

Being perfectly familiar with the city, Amy eluded her pursuer, and by a circuitous route, reached the dingy street on which she lived.

Leon Correo had again been impatient for her return.

"I wish she would come soon or never," he

muttered, angrily; "I am tired of so much love. Then she is harping at me all the while about marriage. I wonder if she really thinks I am serious?"

"I must say she is very convenient at the present time. She will nurse me through this sickness. I am coming down heavy, I know. I can feel it. I ache, ache, ache, from head to foot, and I'm burning up. If I live, I shall owe it to her, for that blasted pill-vender is not worth the powder to shoot him."

"Well, if I don't live, it will be all the same, for I am a miserable brute, and no one knows it better than I. I suppose I ought to feel grateful to Amy. Well, I do, but that is about all."

So he went on, from one thing to another, until the delirium seized him. Then he raved, like the madman that he was, and was raving when Amy returned.

"My dear Leon, see what I have brought you," said she, holding up the letters, and not noticing his delirium.

He only answered with incoherent words that thrilled her with alarm. She flew to the bedside, and strove to calm him with gentle touch and soothing words.

"Leon! Leon! Look at me! Don't you know me? It is your own Amy, that loves you better than all the world beside. Dear Leon, don't look at me so wildly! You scare me! See how many letters I have brought you; some from New York, some from Cuba, and I don't know where else. O Leon, don't curse so! It frightens me. Please don't, and I'll never ask you again. Don't you know me, Leon?"

Still there was no answer to the loving little woman, save the ravings.

The delirium held its sway for hours, and when it left him he sank into a troubled sleep.

Amy watched by his bedside all through the long night, never once closing her eyes, nor moving from her place, only when the little clock told her that it was time to administer the medicine. When he awoke, she tried again to make him know that she was there, but it was no use.

For many days the fever crazed him; and it almost crazed faithful little Amy to hear his words, and think it was her own Leon that uttered them; yet they only reflected the rottenness, the wickedness of the man's heart. If she had believed them! If she had known it sooner!

The crisis came at last. The good doctor shared Amy's vigil, while Leon slept the sleep that awakes to life or death. His experienced eye at last saw hopeful indications, and he turned away.

"It is past, Amy," said he. "He will recover, and I will now leave him with you."

The doctor paused a moment on the threshold of the door.

"Would it have been a crime," thought he, "if that villain had not lived?"

Who can wonder at the thought?

"Poor Amy! What a pity! What a sin! I almost wish—"

He closed the door, and passed thoughtfully down the stairs.

"God forgive me for the thought," he murmured; "but would it not have been merciful?"

MY VENGEANCE.

I ALWAYS get my bit o' midday sustenance at the opposition sloop now—Absalom J. Runt's—for I ain't been to Slobbs's for months. If you'd like to know why, wal, or whether or no, I'll tell you. It's because some of our boys have mortally grand idee of Derringers and Bowies, and they don't take kindly yet to the sheriff and the committee of vigilance. We're a rising city, though, at West Peraira; and what we shall be in a few years there ain't no tellin' at all, but it'll be a sight, stranger; and if you of the rotten old country don't gnaw your teeth with envy, why, my name ain't Hiram.

You see the great Pacific line goes through us clean, and we've been risin' ever since it started. There ain't a city out West with more bars where you can have a smile or a morning painter; if there is, tell me on it. Then see what institutions we've got risin' fast, from Nathan D. Anson's store, right down to the Peraira Solid Milk and Butter Company in Cross Street, number ten under an' eight. Slobbs's is in Cross street, number nine, as p'raps you know; Absalom J. Runt's is in Straight street, and there's a mortal enmity between them two. It's the steam does it, I think.

I left off going to Slobbs's because I thought it was good for me, bel'n' a very mild, inoffensive sort of a fellow. You see there was a waiter at Slobbs's as had a sort of spite agen me, and he'd always give me the worst cuts of the beef and the fattest of the mutton; while as to gravy, I got more gravy at Runt's in one day than them Slobbses let me have in a week. Then I allus had the wettest salt and the stalest bread, and the dirtiest bit of the tablecloth; and if there was a knife as had broke loose and turned round in the haff, that knife was put for me.

We didn't like one another—me and the waiter didn't—and we got more and more enemies every day, till I see very plain as there must be a bust soon. I kep' it in, though, for I thought as something might turn up, so as to let me serve Mr. Waiter out by deplitty.

There was another thing, too, as I didn't like at Slobbs's, only it wasn't a thing, it was a great ugly customer as always sot on me—mettlyphorically, of course, I mean; for he was allus mocking like of my humble ways; and if ever I ordered my glass of anythink, he'd roar instanter for the waiter, and call for a bottle. He made himself very unpleasant to me, he did, and snubbed me on politicks more than a few; but I let it all wait. I saved it up, as you may suppose, thinking how much I should like to have it out with him; but I never seemed to get no chance till about a week after Slobbs's came out strong with a new set of J. Puddick's

Alabama 'Lecturer Plate warranted to wear better than solid silver. Them spoons and forks just did shine so as it seemed a pity to put 'em in the soup, or to get 'em greasy, for you could see your face in 'em, so as you never got tired of voicing the expression of your features.

But even the sight o' them spoons didn't settle me, and I wasn't going to be tempted into stopping, when Runt's had their doors open to have me, and there was gravy and welkum.

The citizen as allus sot on me was washed in with the name of Shmel—Shmel B. Parsons was his total—and his people made some cuss of a mistake or another over his name, I bet, or else they'd never ha' took to this one.

We got to the climax at last, we did; and I left without a word, after serving 'em both out pleasant like. It was like this. I'd had a bit of the toughest old steak I ever did stick teeth in since I chawed caoutchouc at school, and got leathery for it; and after I'd been puzzling my teeth with that bit o' steak for half an hour, who should come in but Shmel; and the fust thing he does is to hang his greatcoat over the rail where I was sitting, knock down my felt hat, and then laugh, feering-like, at me. I never says nothing; but that there was tougher than the steak, and I couldn't swallow it a bit; but there I sits with that coat touching of me, and the waiter half-grinning at me to see me so uncomfortable. "I reckon I'd like to chaw the couple on yer up," I thinks to myself; and then, somehow, while I was a-balachin' one of J. Puddick's Alabama 'Lecturer Plate Spoons on my finger, I let it slip into one o' my friend opposite's coat-pockets; when, thinking as the poor thing might be cold all alone there by itself, I slips in another, to keep it company.

"I shouldn't wonder if that there coat was to hang lop-sided after that," thinks I to myself; and while my neighbor was a-running his eye down the columns of the *West Peraira Tribune*, I just slips a couple of forks into the other pocket, and then waits a little while: till my fren' the waiter condescends to take the bill; after which I waits a bit longer for decency sake, and then I gets up to go.

I finds my fren' the waiter just outside the swing-doors, lookin' at me very soopercilys like, and I says to him: "Nice sorter gent that in box No. 7."

"Very true," he says shortly. "Them's a nice set of J. Puddick's Alabama 'Lecturer Plate, too."

"Yes," he says, looking at me quite curus, as much as to say: "What's up the tree now?"

"Shall you charge them forks and spoons in his bill?" I says.

"Charge what forks and spoons in whose bill?" he says, savage-like.

"Oh, I don't know—don't ask me," I says; "only I thought he might pay for them as is in his pocket."

I knowed what he'd do as well as could be, and I stopped outside that swing-glass door, peeping and listening.

First thing my fren' the waiter does is to swing his hand by accident up against the coat-pocket, and then I see him jump; when he goes straight up to the owner of that there coat, and he says quite fierce and loud, so as everybody began to look: "This won't do sir!"

"What won't do?" says the other.

"This," says the waiter; and he puts his hand in the pocket on one side of the coat, and brings out two J. Puddick's. Then he does the same on the other side, and lays all four on the table; when, without a word the gent leaps up, throws out one of his arms sudden, as if he wanted to get rid of it, and the waiter being right in the way, it hit him on the nose, and down he went, but only to come up again like so much indy-rubber; when at it he goes, and catches my other fren' wherever he could hit; and for about five minutes, they were at it hard, till them as looked on thought it time to pull 'em away from one another, for fear there shouldn't be no waiter left, nor no reg'lar customer for him to wait on; and then I come away.

You see that was doing it fillersophically. I wanted to larrup the waiter for stopping my gravy, and giving me sarse instead; and I wanted to larrup my stout friend for sitting on me; and I reckon I did it butiful, without so much as taking a bit o' skin off my knuckles. But I ain't, as I said afore, been to Slobbs's since.

HIS PHOTOGRAPH.

He had been less impetuous in his loves and hatreds, graver in demeanor, more philosophical in his regard of the objects of youthful ambition, for some years; but that seemed only natural. In early spring, however, a tooth was observed to be loose, and, ere the crocuses were over, it fell out. Then the cruel truth came home to us that he was old, and we should one day lose him.

It was his time for taking exercise in the garden, but unseasonable snow, to which he had a strong objection, covered the surface of the ground; and so he reposed upon his cushion, which was placed in the accustomed spot—a sunny window of the drawing-room; and we sat around, silent and mournful, gazing on the morsel of white ivory which lay in Mrs. Peters's palm, and musing on the sad fact that we had no memorial of him when he should be gone.

It was a thousand pities, apart from regretful affection, for he was the most perfectly beautiful individual of his race that I have ever seen. To superficial observers there may appear to be but little difference in the appearance of black cats, just as there are people unable to distinguish between one statue and another. There are thousands of copies of the Apollo Belvedere, some of them most carefully chiseled, so that it is impossible to put the finger upon a spot where the original has been departed from, and yet there is a something which has not been caught. In like manner I am unable to put down in black and white the points in which T. W. differed from

the best-bred members of his species—but his superiority struck the eye in a moment.

We had often wished that his portrait might be taken, but there was only one man to do it, and how could an unsuccessful author afford to apply to Landseer? There was the resource of photography; but T. W. was of a highly nervous organization, and an attempt to convey him to a studio had once brought on an attack of hysteria which it is terrible to recall. The alternative of bringing the mountain to Mohammed never occurred to us till that morning, when a glimpse of an itinerant camera, standing at the corner opposite, gave a member of the family the idea that T. W. might be taken unawares, as it were, at home.

Being ordered to fetch the owner of the camera, I defied the scandal of the neighbors, and approached the van.

A tall man, seadily dressed, with three days' growth of beard, and hands blackened by chemicals, was leaning against the side, holding a tumbler with some dark, steaming liquid and a spoon in it. He was manipulating something in a morocco case.

"Do you take portraits?" I asked.

"I am a photographic artist, sir," replied the man, drawing himself up to his full height.

"Exactly. I perceive you are an Englishman; and do you—er—make studies of animals?"

"Haniimals, lanskipis, harchitecture, or the hewman face devine. All that the sun shines upon, by his glorious haid I fix."

"Then perhaps you will kindly bring your apparatus to a house over the way, and endeavor to take a favorite cat?"

"Certainly, sir, with the greatest of alacrity!"

Poor fellow! He talked big, but it was easy to see that dinner was not an everyday affair with him.

In ten minutes he was in our hall, conferring with Mrs. Peters, who impressed upon him the necessity of caution, seeing that T. W. had a strong aversion to strangers, and that it would be very difficult to keep him still for the requisite time, unless he were caught napping.

"Fear nothing, miss," said the artist; "in me all quadrupeds invariably recognize a friend."

Nothing but the solemnity of the occasion enabled me to suppress a smile. After a certain number of years, it sounds so queer to hear your wife called "miss."

The universal quadrupedal friend brought his camera upstairs, and sought to focus T. W., as he lay curled up in his rug, from the doorway. But a more unfavorable situation can hardly be imagined. It was in vain that we lowered the blind of the middle window, through which the sunbeams were pouring upon the sleekest, silkiest fur that was ever licked, and tried all other plans that we could think of for re-distributing the light. The artist declared it was impossible to take T. W. in his present position, and so he had to be moved. But, alas! tenderly, cautiously, lovingly as his mistress lifted the nest in which he lay, the motion roused him, and his delicate organization became conscious of the presence of a stranger.

T. W. had but one fault, and that was a strong aristocratic prejudice. Probably he considered that a needy man would covet his skin for purposes of trade; at any rate, he hated a plebeian like sour milk. The artist had shabby clothes on, and, in spite of his confident assertion, T. W. recognized no friend in him, or, if he did, it was a friend in need, and, in spite of the proverb, he never considered such a one as a friend indeed. Panic seized him; he flew round the room—he sprang at the closed window, striking the glass with his perfect nose, like a bluebottle. Finally he took refuge under the sofa, swearing most shockingly.

"Send for Rachel."

Rachel came, and took T. W. in her arms, whereupon he ceased swearing. But his eyes were of enormous size, and their usually benign expression was so changed that any mouse beholding them would have had fits. He loved Rachel; she picked the bones out of his fish, his snipe, or whatever delicacy containing those dangerous things he might have for his dinner—a meal which he took with the rest of the family, a cloth being laid on the carpet at his mistress's side. It was at Rachel's feet that he preferred to sleep at night. Rachel alone could make him take his castor-oil when that nauseous remedy was prescribed for him; and Rachel so far soothed him now that he remained motionless for a while in a favorable spot, and allowed himself to be focused, clearly suspecting, however, that the camera was a new invention in artillery, and loaded. When all was ready, the impolite artist removed his head from his black cloth, waived his hand and sibilized:

"Hish-sh-sh-sh!"

Now, to be "hished" at was an indignity which T. W. never had stood, and never would stand; he charged the offender, dashed out of the room, tore upstairs, and concealed himself in a shower-bath.

As we had gone so far, however, we were determined to make one more effort, conducted with better strategy. The photographer went into the garden, planted his tripod in the snow, and directed his camera toward a chair placed in a doorway. Then Rachel, having captured and partially soothed T. W., seated herself in the chair, and held him in her lap till the operation was over.

The artist was successful, and produced, after a while, a triumphant miniature, which, when held in a particular light, plainly showed T. W. lying in Rachel's lap; for he had not yet soared into cartes-de-visite, and knew only the early style.

We professed ourselves satisfied, but it was pointed out to our artist that a representation of T. W. alone was desired, and he was asked to obliterate all else. This went sadly against the grain with him; he had evidently come to identify himself, in some sort, with the sun, and did not like any of his work to be rubbed out.

"Pardon me for observing," said he, "that it is often pleasing to possess the portrait of a faithful domestic. Though humble, the young woman may be estimable."

This was putting the matter awkwardly, as Rachel was standing by; but had an archbishop, mitre and all, been the second person in the picture, out he must have come: that was to be T. W.'s portrait, and his alone.

Alas, our prognostications were too well founded! He lies in the back garden, under the roots of violets, flowers to the smell of which he was always partial, and which typify his modest but odorous virtues. A neat stone records his name and age, but is silent upon his merits, for he never cared for empty praise.

His portrait is a family treasure.

PERSONAL AND GENERAL.

ROCHEFORT suffers greatly from consumption.

THE Princess Metternich has offered to Louis Napoleon the use of her palace at Vienna.

SIR HENRY BULWER, having written a life of Palmerston, has been elevated to the English peerage as Baron Dalling and Bulwer.

MILIE HENRIETTA D'ANGEVILLE, the first lady who ever made the ascent of Mont Blanc, died at Lausanne, lately, aged seventy-seven.

MADAME MIRANDE, the famous fortune-teller of Paris, last spring predicted to the Empress Eugenie the fall of her dynasty in September, 1870.

KING GEORGE of Greece has written a letter of thanks to the United States Minister Tuckerman, for his elaborate report upon the Grecian brigands.

THE fashionable and successful physician of Cairo, Egypt, is Thomas Monroe, who ran away from his proprietor in Charleston, S. C., twelve years ago.

THE Czar of Russia and the Czarovitch are stated to be on such ill terms that their mutual hatred is the source of "eternal comment throughout St. Petersburg."

EDWARD DICEY is stated to have been the only prominent correspondent of the London press who was not with one or other of the opposing armies in the field.

THE Crown-Prince of Prussia has summoned Von Werner, a famous painter of Carlsruhe, to portray the "Proclamation of the German Empire," January 18th.

THE royal family of Belgium refuse to recognize the presence of the Princess Mathilde, or any other Bonaparte, at Brussels. They are there, notwithstanding.

MARIA MITCHELL, the female astronomer of Vassar College, is fifty-three years old. In 1847 she captured a comet, and received a medal from the King of Denmark for her success.

WHILST two Emperors of the Napoleon dynasty have toppled over, the descendant of the Frenchman Bernadotte, general under the First Empire, still reigns securely in Sweden.

THE Archduchess Sophia, mother of Francis Joseph, of Austria, is declared to be a monomaniac on the subject of dress. She spends most of her time in her private apartments, trying on gowns.

THE Crown-Princess Victoria of Prussia has generously devoted her entire income of the past and present year to the German soldiers wounded in the late war, and the German women made widows by it.

COUNT VON BISMARCK and General Count von Moltke have received their rewards—the former being created a Prince of the Empire, the latter invested with the Grand Cross of the Order of the Iron Cross.

At the opening of the German Parliament, in Berlin, March 21st, the Emperor William delivered his speech from the marble throne of Charlemagne, brought from Aix-la-Chapelle, especially for the purpose.

PRINCESS METTERNICH must be an energetic eleemosynary agent. She collected in Vienna, in a fortnight, 100,000 florins (\$50,000) for the French Relief Fund, and is still employed in the charitable mission.

THE last form of poor Carlotta's insanity is her determination to speak nothing but Spanish. As none of her attendants can understand her, their apparent neglect and disobedience throw her into new paroxysms.

HON. JOHN V. L. PRUYN, Chairman of the Capital Commissioners, has recommended to the authorities of Albany, N. Y., that the city offer a site in its new park for a permanent residence for the Governor of the State.

A MADRID letter declares that King Amadeus is already weary of his royal honors, and that it is not improbable that he will soon resign the crown of Spain, having discovered that he can depend on nobody either for advice or friendship.

THOMAS HART CLAY, second son of Henry Clay, died in Lexington, Ky., March 18th, at the age of sixty-eight years. He was Minister to Nicaragua during a portion of President Lincoln's first Administration, and was afterward transferred to Honduras.

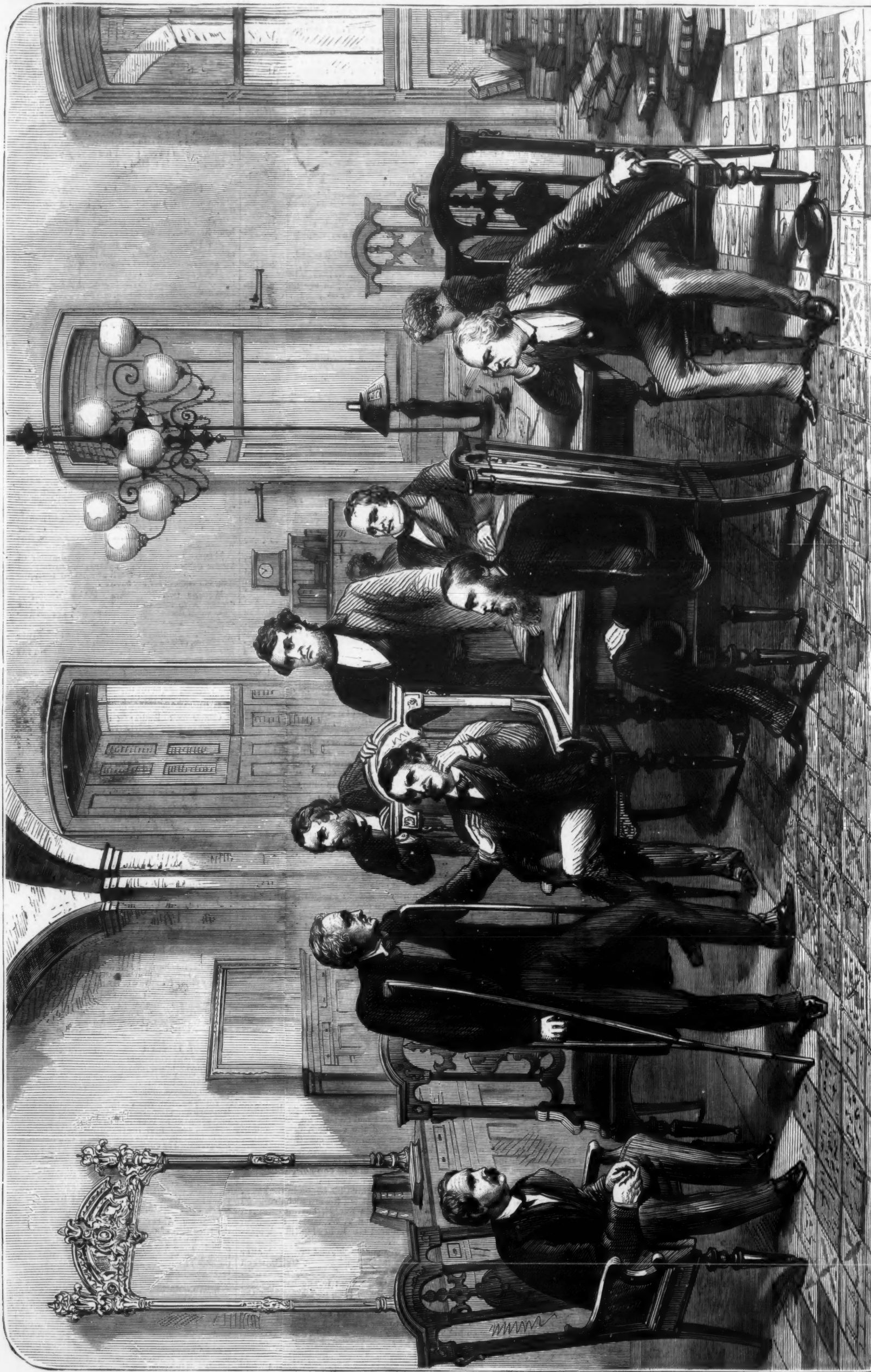
ANDRÉ HENRI CARRELLI, one of the oldest and most experienced of all the Swiss guides, who had climbed nearly every difficult mountain in the country, and who had had many hairbreadth escapes, was recently thrown from a donkey, near Escagnay, and had his neck broken.

LE VERRIER, the distinguished astronomer, is reported to be almost heart-broken by the unhappy dissensions of his country, and to be living under an assumed name near the city of Aix, in the extreme south of France. Though only sixty this month, he is represented as quite infirm.

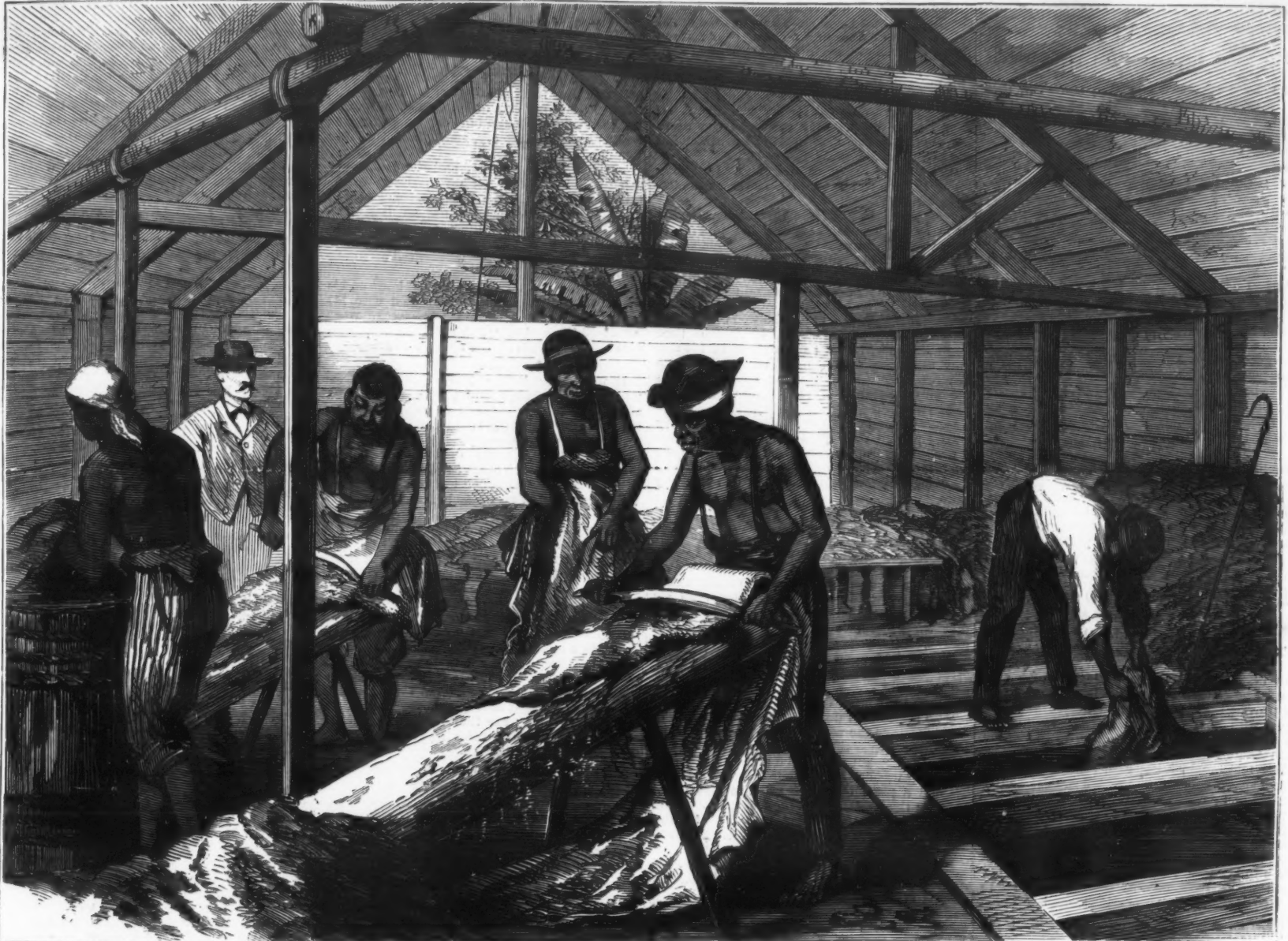
INTELLIGENCE has been received of the death of Dr. F. A. G. Miquel, Professor of Botany at the University of Utrecht and Director of the Botanic Gardens at Leyden, one of the few remaining distinguished systematic botanists on the Continent, and greatly esteemed by all scientific visitors to Holland for his generous hospitality and kindly nature.

COLONEL WILLIAM SCHILLINGER, one of the oldest citizens of Cincinnati, died in that city March 17th. He was born in New Jersey in 1782, and emigrated to the West in 1802, walking the whole distance from Philadelphia to Cincinnati. He was a member of the first Council of the latter city, and served under General William H. Harrison in the expedition against the Indians.

THE Missouri journals mention the death of an eccentric person, Horace Kiphart, not far from Rolla, in that State. He had been a Methodist clergyman; then entered the Rebel service; after the war turned Mormon; soon went back to his old home; married a woman young enough to be his daughter, who died suddenly and mysteriously; and finally took up his residence in a cave in the Ozark Mountains, and is believed to have perished for want of proper nourishment and shelter. He was a native of Kentucky, and in his 60th year.



WASHINGTON, D. C.—THE SENATE COMMITTEE FOR THE INVESTIGATION OF SOUTHERN OUTRAGES—SCENE IN THE RETRENCHMENT COMMITTEE'S ROOM, CAPITOL.—HEARING THE STATEMENT OF A SCHOOL-TEACHER FROM NEW YORK, WHO HAD BEEN "RUN OUT." BY THE KU-KLUX.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 53.



THE SANTO DOMINGO EXPEDITION.—NATIVE TANNERY ON THE OZAMA RIVER SUBURBS OF SANTO DOMINGO CITY.—FROM A SKETCH BY JAMES E. TAYLOR, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST ACCOMPANYING THE COMMISSIONERS.—SEE PAGE 60.



THE SANTO DOMINGO EXPEDITION.—BAEZ'S ADVANCE POSITION AGAINST CABRAL, ON THE VIA RIVER AT AZUA—ENCAMPMENT OF DOMINICAN TROOPS.—FROM A SKETCH BY JAMES E. TAYLOR, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST ACCOMPANYING THE COMMISSIONERS.—SEE PAGE 60.

MARCH.

THE March wind whistles through the sombre pines,
Whose sable crests show on the mountain ridge,
Like band of spectres gaunt, and gray, and grim,
Against the cold blue sky—cold, clear, and blue,
Without one fleecy cloud.

From furrows brown
The green blades shoot, that shall hereafter glow,
'Neath August sun-rays, into molten gold,
And fill our garner with the beauteous store
That crowns man's labor, and rewards his toil.
March, with his stern, grand brow, frowning,
yet kind,
Front of a Titan; of imperious will,
King March rides blustering o'er dale and mead,
And with his chastening rule, prepares the way
For green-robed April, with her showers soft,
The pure warm sunshine, and her opening buds
Of yellow primrose bells.

And jocund May,
Crowned with white blossoms, scatters in her track
Hawthorns all odorous, pink apple-blossoms,
And all the gorgeous beauty of her dower,
That glads our Yankee homes. So in our life,
Our truest joys must be from trial reaped,
And as March winds foreshadow April sun,
Our dross through furnace passing, comes out—gold.

FAITHFUL AND FIRM.

CHAPTER VII.

THE light that had dawned on the history of poor Agnes Steadman, contained in the letter and diary, had brought a cheering hope to Mary Steadman's heart, that in time it might be proved that she was, in point of birth, an equal with Mrs. Romaine; and she would then be unable to raise any objection to her union with Arthur.

Her motto, which she kept repeating for her own encouragement, and which she constantly urged upon Arthur, was "Wait and Hope."

Many a tear, however, was shed in secret by Mary over her poor mother's (as she felt Agnes Steadman really was) brief, but sad married life, and many a doubting, anxious thought arose to her mind, whether the mystery of her birth would ever become sufficiently clear to induce Mr. Melville to acknowledge her as his daughter.

Both Miss Steadman and her protégée were much too proud to wish in any way to force themselves on that gentleman's notice, whatever might be the relationship between them, unless he himself showed an inclination to acknowledge it.

Dr. Forester gave the following account to Arthur Melville, who had gone to spend a few days with him, after they had both read the nurse's letter and Agnes's diary:

"I was away when your cousin Charles Melville and Agnes were married; and I afterward learned that the reason Mr. Bentley consented to marry them was, that he was in debt to Melville; but as he was himself in love with her, and her fortune also, he determined at all hazards to win her.

"No sooner had your cousin left than this crafty, designing scoundrel—for, though he belonged to our sacred profession, I can call him by no other name—began to carry out his designs.

"Having successfully intercepted all the letters, he went to Mr. Steadman, and, with well-feigned sorrow for the part he had played, told him that he was under deep obligations to Mr. Melville, and that he had forced him to perform a mock ceremony of marriage. He then declared how deep his devotion and love for Agnes was, and how great had been his anguish when compelled to act the part he had done against her; but that even now, in proof of his wild attachment, he was ready, if she would but accept him, and Mr. Steadman would give his consent to their union, to make her his wife.

"You may imagine, my dear Arthur," continued the doctor, "what fearful results such a communication as this, acting on such a mind as Mr. Steadman's, would be certain to produce.

"The wretched father, who, I feel convinced, most implicitly believed Bentley's story, saw his daughter, whom he must have loved, for no one could help loving so sweet a creature—I say, saw his daughter about to become, if not one already, a public scandal, a thing of shame, the wretched mistress of a profligate young man, who had already abandoned her. Here was a devoted young clergyman—for Mr. Bentley was a consummate actor—ready to make her an honest woman, and to repair, as far as was in his power, the mischief which he had been almost compelled to do. No wonder a gloomy, proud, over-sensitive recluse like Mr. Steadman, shut up alone from the world, acted in the harsh and cruel manner which we know him to have done.

When I returned home I called at the Hall, and tried to convince him that he was harsh in his treatment to Agnes, and begged him to wait until I wrote to Melville, and that I was sure he would at once return and prove that she was his wife.

"But all I could say was of no avail; Mr. Steadman drove me from him. I never saw him again.

"It was a dark January afternoon, the snow lying deep on the ground, and the cold north wind walling through the leafless trees, playing as it were a plaintive accompaniment to the tolling bell which was sounding for the funeral of, as we then thought, poor Agnes.

"The face was too much decomposed to be recognizable, but the golden hair was the same, and the clothes were like those of poor Agnes; and there was yet a stronger proof even than that, as I thought; the doctors declared that the unfortunate creature, whoever she was, would shortly have become a mother.

"I had written to Melville, and about an hour before the funeral a carriage drove up to the door, and the next minute I saw Melville and his friend Reginald Edwards.

"Poor boy! never shall I forget that day; never had mortal man to perform so melancholy a task.

"Supported by Reginald's arm, poor Melville stood by the graveside during the funeral, of what we thought was the corpse of his young bride; but I had hardly concluded the affecting service when he fell to the ground, so as almost to fall into the grave; the blood gushed from his mouth, he had broken a blood-vessel internally. It was weeks before he was restored to health, during the whole of which time Reginald nursed him as a brother, and it was only after the violets had bloomed and the primroses blossomed, that he could listen to the pitiful account of his young wife's end I had to give.

"Agnes's diary and her old nurse's letter have clearly proved that the corpse I buried in this churchyard, and over whose tomb my poor pupil has spent many a bitter hour of grief and shed many a tear, was not that of his lovely young wife."

CHAPTER VIII.

THE receipt of the nurse's letter and Agnes's diary, written by her own dear hand, recalled all the past, and caused him a severe relapse; but no sooner was he a little better, than his impatience to behold his child became so great that they found it impossible to detain him longer.

They called upon Dr. Cranston, and it was arranged he should go with Mr. Edwards to prepare Miss Steadman and Mary for an interview with her father.

"To remove all doubt," said Melville, "you can ask to see the wedding-ring, which you say they have kept—the ring which I placed upon my poor dear young wife's finger—as her wedding-ring was one of peculiar shape and make. Though a plain circlet of gold, it was much broader than other wedding-rings, and inside was engraved our family motto, 'Faithful and Firm.' That will prove if the unfortunate lady was really my darling wife."

The friends promised to satisfy themselves in regard to the ring, and started off, leaving poor Melville alone.

As soon as his companions had left him, he strolled feebly forth into the street, and took his way to the churchyard which surrounded the fine old abbey church.

He slowly wended his way, and approached the place where Dr. Cranston had told him he would find the grave of the unknown lady whom they now felt sure was his wife. There rested the mangled remains of the once lovely Agnes.

The sorrow-stricken man stood gazing on the tomb, the tears trickling silently down his pale and sunken face, as he observed the reverential care which some sympathizing hand had bestowed upon the spot.

He knelt down beside the marble cross, and, laying his throbbing forehead against it, poured out his grief-stricken soul in prayer to his God.

So absorbed was he in his pious occupation, that he did not for some moments observe a female form which had sunk down on her knees at his side.

The prayer which Melville had uttered was a supplication that, before long, his body might be laid in that grave beside his Agnes, and their souls might be united in the regions above.

At this moment there was a movement near him—he raised his eyes, and there he beheld, as he thought, his lost Agnes.

He started and trembled violently. Had his long-lost bride appeared to him? But before he could speak, she exclaimed:

"Oh, my father! for I feel none other would kneel thus at my mother's grave—I am your own Agnes's child!"

"I need not ask for any greater proof, my darling child, than the perfect likeness of your mother!" and he clasped her to his heart.

"Oh, my father!" said poor Mary, the tears streaming down her cheeks—"oh, let your Agnes's child comfort and cheer you, as she would have done, had a merciful Providence decreed that she should live."

"My child," said Melville, taking the young girl's hand in his and looking solemnly, with his large dark eyes, into her face—"my child, this hour has come too late for me. My days are numbered; and yet, ere I die, I would bless you, my child. Thy mother's living image, may not thy mother's unhappy fate be thine!"

As her father spoke these words the sparkle of a golden ornament, which had detached itself from its hiding-place in her bosom, caught his eye. He took the golden circlet, for such it was, the wedding-ring in fact, of her mother, in his hand, and looking into the inside, he called his daughter's attention to the words, "Faithful and Firm," engraven therein. "Thus have I been to your beautiful but unfortunate mother; thus may that man who has gained the love of thy young heart be to you!"

As Melville spoke these words, he placed his hand to his heart, and with a groan of agony fell to the earth, across the grave of his long-lost wife. Faintly he uttered the words, "United at last!" and Charles Melville was a corpse; his faithful, loving heart was broken, his troubled spirit had fled to his Agnes in heaven.

The sight which greeted the eyes of Reginald and Dr. Cranston, when they came to seek their friend, was sad and heartrending.

The dead body of Melville lay across his wife's grave, and their grief-stricken child knelt by her father's side and called upon him in the most endearing manner to speak to her once more.

Reginald gently lifted her from the ground, and said they must remove her father at once; but her quick ear caught Dr. Cranston's words, "All is over," although only said in a whisper; and with a piercing cry, she fell fainting into Reginald's arms.

They carried her home, and she had every attention, but the shock which she had sustained by her father's sudden and melancholy death, had almost proved too much for the affectionate girl; long did she lie at the point of death, and it was only by Dr. Cranston's skill and Miss Steadman's unremitting attention that her life was saved.

Poor Reginald followed the dead body of his friend to the grave; he was buried with his long-lost wife, and upon the tombstone were inscribed the words, "Faithful and Firm," and also the last words of the dying man.

It was long before Mary Melville, as we must now call her, completely recovered from the shock of her father's death, which took place at the very time when she was looking forward to enjoy many years of happiness in his love; but Arthur's devotion, and Miss Steadman's tender care, at last restored her to health; and now that her birth was no longer veiled in mystery, no obstacle remained to prevent their marriage.

Arthur was anxious to claim her as his own, and therefore when a fitting time had transpired; the day was fixed and Arthur led her proudly forth, a lovely, blushing bride. Dr. Forester performed the ceremony and Dr. Cranston gave the bride away.

Poor Reginald was present, and was naturally deeply affected, for it reminded him of the time when he had stood at the altar by her parents, who had taken the same vows, with the same bright hopes of future happiness.

Miss Steadman was of course there; and it had been arranged that she should reside with the young couple; she therefore still reaps her reward in the constant, loving affection of her protégée and her husband.

(THE END.)

MY FIRST FARCE.

I was at a little London theatre that this first farce of mine, not the first that I had written, by any means, but the first produced, came out. Not a minor theatre, nor yet a leading theatre, but a theatre betwixt and between. The locality is not necessary to be specified, further than to state that it was not at the east end. East or west, it mattered little to my enthusiasm where my farce saw the footlights.

Of all victims to the scribbling mania, none are more deserving of commiseration than dramatic aspirants. In numbers, I should imagine, they are not far short of the crowds who make daily onslaughts on the magazines. In other respects, the prospects of the two classes are widely different. The reason of this dissimilarity is to be found solely in the different modes of conducting business adopted by publishers and managers. If you write a letter to an editor, you (sometimes) get an answer; if you write to a manager, you get none. These latter gentlemen appear to be unconscious of committing any discourtesy in this systematic neglect of epistolary communications. If you send a manuscript to a publisher or editor, and it does not suit his requirements, his decision is communicated to you, if only by the return of your manuscript. You are not compelled to haunt the publisher's side-door for months together, wearing out your shoe-leather, your time and your patience. If your work is worth publication, you become cognizant thereof by its appearance in print; no matter whether your name be Brown, Jones, or Robinson; whether you be known or unknown. No time is frittered away in the transaction. The editor clears off each day's work as it arises, the manager permits his to accumulate. That is the difference between managers and editors.

Having placed this, I venture to think, not unreasonable grievance upon record, I will proceed to the narration of my own experiences.

Though an enthusiastic amateur, I was without friends or connections of any kind in the theatrical profession. Journalists of the daily press I was equally unacquainted with; so that it will be seen that my farce stood upon its own legs, or rather upon the legs of the gentleman performing the leading character, whom we will call Swiggins. Swiggins was the character's name, not the gentleman's. It was a London street character; one of those vendors of chemical mixtures of their own manufacture, who take their stand by the curbs, and hold forth till they assemble a crowd around them. They profess to sell for a penny invaluable preparations which will eradicate your corns, cure your toothache, take out stains from your clothes or linen, and do other things too numerous to mention. Their volubility is something astonishing. I had been so amused by listening to these "patterers," that I determined to put one of them into a farce. The man whom I selected had announced himself as the discoverer of a magic paste for sharpening razors; a paste so wonderful in its efficacy, that any razor subjected to contact with it must inevitably become a very dangerous razor indeed. Apart from the cheap-Jack eloquence which enveloped them, the man and the suggestion formed the nucleus of a plot. I constructed a short farce upon these modest lines, and sent the little manuscript to the Royal So-and-so Theatre.

I have experienced many pleasurable emotions, but the most pleasurable was certainly that produced by the managerial note which informed me of the acceptance of my first farce. I treasure that note to this day. It is small, almost illegible; a mere scrap, giving one the

impression that paper was a scarce "property" at the So-and-so. It announces, in due theatrical parlance, that my piece would "positively be produced" on such and such a date. How many times I ogled those words, and read them over and over again, I am ashamed to say. "Positively be produced!" Beautiful words! Magic words! Words that kindled hope, joy, and anticipation. Do not imagine, however, that I had escaped the usual vicissitudes. If I had made one journey about that farce, I had made twenty. I had waited about. I had called. I had written, I had received no replies. I had endured every possible mortification which theatrical managers have deemed it proper to inflict upon dramatic authors, from the days of Tobin downward. This sort of thing was not new to me. Previously, at other theatres, I had, in connection with other farces, waited about, and called, and written, and received no replies; so that, in a manner, I was used to it. But the receipt of the present note dispelled all painful reminiscences of that nature. I walked the streets an inch taller. I even imagined that every one who met me could see "Dramatic Author" written somewhere about me, and I was proud of the distinction. To feel one's self a member, be it only the humblest, of that intellectual band of which Shakespeare was the head, appeared to me the highest of human honors. You may smile, reader, but remember that I was young; it was my first taste, though only a sip, of the fame which is so dear to the literary worker. Then there is an intensity about first experiences, whether agreeable or otherwise, which we miss in after-life. One's first love, first cigar, first oyster, first kiss, print themselves indelibly on the memory. I can guarantee that one's first farce does. Indeed, so exultant was I at my good fortune, that I muttered at most incongruous times the words which had wrought such an effect upon me. They haunted me in my dreams; awake, they sounded in my ears; and people wondered why I replied in answer to questions on all subjects: "Will positively be produced!"

Heavily dragged along the time till the date specified as the first night of my first farce. The hours seemed to go by with leaden feet. Time may pass too quickly for many individuals; for criminals awaiting the penalty of the law; for gentlemen with a little bill coming due; for city people of all classes, conditions, and solvency. But, if you are curious to know how very slow time can be, you had better write a farce, and look forward to its production.

Not the least vexing part of the affair is the unrelieved placidity of every one concerned but yourself. I had heard anecdotes of dramatic authors reading pieces to green-room audiences without eliciting the faintest expression of interest. Instead of brilliant wit, melting pathos, or screaming jokes, they might have been works on algebra or the differential calculus which the jaded listeners had been attending to, for all the enthusiasm displayed by them. Yet the fact is easily explained. What is to you the realization of a cherished ambition, is to your hearers an everyday matter of business. Fortunately for myself, perhaps, I escaped all unpleasantness. I was not required to read my piece to the company. No low comedian quarreled with me for not having enough, or for somebody else having too much, to say; no actress pouted because of my refusal to write up her part without reference to the plot. I was not even invited to rehearsal. Perhaps the manager had had enough of me already.

At last it came—the first night! I won't say that I was in a fever; but I was in something very much like it, as I went behind the scenes at the So-and-so. Everything was in apparent confusion; carpenters and scene-shifters hurrying to and fro busy as bees; over all—the stage-manager, not the pleasant chatty gentleman of a few days before, but grim and overbearing, after the manner of stage-managers in general when on duty. Retreating to the gentlemen's dressing-room, I found things quieter. All the characters were dressed for their parts—my characters! Yes; there was the heavy father whom I had created in imagination, standing before me in *proprâ personâ*; there, in uniform, was my dashing lieutenant of dragoons; there, too, was my cunning lawyer; and there, greatest of all, was—Swiggins. His make-up was artistic in the extreme; he looked as dirty and disreputable as heart could desire. I should have liked to have paid a visit to my ladies, also, if propriety had not forbidden such a proceeding. But all my gentlemen were before me. They were joking and laughing among themselves on perfectly irrelevant subjects, as if there was no such thing as a beating author's heart in existence (and how it did beat, to be sure!) Presently to us entered the manager, who shook me warmly by the hand. It was reassuring at such a moment to be "my boyd" by such an awful functionary. My countenance probably expressed the nervous apprehension which I felt, and his friendly slaps on the back were intended to encourage me. Even the low comedian himself was condescending enough to joke me; when, on a sudden, a messenger shouted outside the door, "Swiggins ready, sir!" Thereupon we all descended to the stage, meeting in our progress thither the two young ladies engaged in the piece, who had been "called" simultaneously with ourselves. If I had been abashed before my actors, I was still more overpowered at the appearance of my actresses—beautiful young creatures, who were about to give life and soul to my characters. But there was little time for any sentiment of that sort. After a hasty introduction, I was handed over to an official, with the order, "G box, Mr. Jones." Into G box, therefore—a little closely curtained den, overlooking the stage—I was forthwith inducted. The prompter's bell tinkled, the music ceased, the curtain rose.

The delight of that brief hour was a something to be remembered in after years. There were, certainly, all the materials for happiness. There was the fruition of hope; there was the

placid satisfaction of hearing one's own thoughts uttered and applauded in public; and there was the pleasure of witnessing the pleasure of others, which you were conscious of being the main agent in imparting (for what would those clever people on the stage do if they had no words to say?).

I can safely say that I knew that farce by heart. If they had put me at the wings to prompt, I could have done so without the slightest reference to the manuscript. At one period, when one of my ladies forgot her part for a moment only, I perspired profusely, and was within an ace of giving her the word from where I sat. Fortunately, she recollected it without my assistance. With that single exception, the piece "went" as smoothly as could be desired. No one spoiled a joke by not waiting till the laugh raised by its predecessor had ceased—a common and most reprehensible fault with indifferent performers. As for my low comedian, he was simply delicious. He reproduced the street patterer to the life—manner, tone, volubility, patches, tea-tray, everything. You would have thought him to be a real specimen of the tribe, who had been induced by the promise of a pot of beer to give a specimen of his abilities! The "points" I had given him—they were few enough, in all conscience, but I did my best—were brought out by him distinctly. His abject terror, when threatened by his lieutenant of dragons; his interview with my staid solicitor, whose hairs he plucked out one by one, for the purpose of demonstrating the sharpness of a magic razor; his amatory advances to all the females of the piece, without distinction—all elicited hearty laughter from the audience. Exactly three-quarters of an hour from the tinkle of the prompter's bell, the curtain descended upon the scene—and *Swiggins* was a success!

Since that joyous occasion I have written other farces, so that the bloom has somewhat worn off. But my old affection for the stage continues. If I have made strictures on those gentlemen who conduct its business operations, they themselves know that justification is not wanting. The reason why I have not dwelt more on that part of my subject is the very sufficient one, that of all bores, there is no greater bore than a man with a grievance. Otherwise, I could find plenty to talk about. Because adaptations are successful—and cheap—that is no reason why original thinkers should not have a chance—why the possible beauties of an English work should be ignored merely because it is English. As regards the disinclination to read pieces from unknown writers, it is sufficient to observe that every known writer must at some time or other have been unknown. A little more patience, a little more consideration, and, let me add, a little more method, on the part of theatrical managers, and there would be more English writers to rejoice with me over the pleasure of a first farce.

SHEARING IN RIVERINA, NEW SOUTH WALES.

"SHEARING commences to-morrow!" These apparently simple words were spoken by Hugh Gordon, the manager of Anabanco Station, in the District of Riverina, in the Colony of New South Wales, one Monday morning in the month of August.

Let us give a glance at the small army of working-men assembled at Anabanco—one out of hundreds of stations in the Colony of New South Wales, ranging from one hundred thousand sheep downward. There are seventy shearers; about fifty washers, including the men connected with the steam-engine, boilers, bricklayers, etc.; ten or twelve boundary-riders, whose duty it is to ride round the large paddocks, seeing that the fences are all intact, and keeping a general lookout over the condition of the sheep; three or four overseers; half-a-dozen young gentlemen acquiring a practical knowledge of sheep farming, or, as it is generally phrased, "Colonial experience," a comprehensive expression enough; a score or two of teamsters, with a couple of hundred horses or bullocks, waiting for the high-piled wool-bales, which are loaded up and sent away almost as soon as shorn; wool-sorters, pickers-up, pressers, yardmen, extra shepherds.

Tuesday comes "big with fate." As the sun tinges the far sky-line, the shearers are taking a slight refectory of coffee and currant buns, to enable them to withstand the exhausting interval between six and eight o'clock, when the serious breakfast occurs. Shearers always diet themselves on the principle that the more they eat the stronger they must be.

Among the native-born Australians, of Saxon descent, are to be seen some of the finest men, physically considered, the race is capable of producing. Taller than their British-born brethren, with softer voices and more regular features, they inherit the powerful frames and unequalled muscular development of the breed. Leading lives chiefly devoted to agricultural labor, they enjoy larger intervals of leisure than is permissible to the laboring-classes of Europe. The climate is mild, and favorable to health. They have been accustomed, from childhood, to abundance of the best food; opportunities of intercolonial travel are frequent and common. Hence the Anglo-Australian laborer, without, on the one hand, the sharpened eagerness which marks his Transatlantic cousin, has yet an air of independence and intelligence, combined with a natural grace of movement, unknown to the peasantry of Britain.

An idea is prevalent that the Australians are, as a race, physically inferior to the British. It is asserted that they grow too fast, tend to height and slenderness, and do not possess adequate stamina and muscle. The idea is erroneous. The men reared in the cities on the seaboard, living sedentary lives in shops, banks, or counting-houses, are doubtless more or less pale and slight of form. So are they who live

under such conditions all over the world. But those youngsters who have followed the plow on the upland farms, or lived a wilder life on the stations of the far interior, who have had their fill of wheaten bread and beefsteaks since they could walk, and snuffed up the free bush breezes from infancy, they are men—

"Stout of heart and ready of hand,
As e'er drove prey from Cumberland;"

—a business, I may remark, at which many of them would have distinguished themselves.

Take Abraham Lawson, as he stands there in a natural and unstudied attitude, six feet four in his stockings, wide-chested, stalwart, with a face like that of a Greek statue. Take Billy May, fair-haired, mild, inebriated, almost languid, till you see him at work. Then, again, Jack Windsor, handsome, saucy and wiry as a bull-terrier—like him, with strong natural inclination for the combat; good for any man of his weight, or a trifle over, with the gloves or without.

It is curious to note how the old English practice of settling disputes with nature's weapons has taken root in Australia. It would "gladden the sullen souls" of the defunct gladiators to watch two lads, whose fathers had never trodden England's soil, pull off their jackets, and go to work "hammer and tongs," with all the savage silence of the true island type.

It is now about seven o'clock. Mr. Gordon moves forward. As he does so, every man leans toward the open door of the pen in front of which he stands. The bell sounds! With the first stroke each one of the seventy men has sprung upon a sheep; has drawn it out—placed its head across his knee, and is working his shears, as if the "last man out" was to be flogged, or tarred and feathered at the least. Four minutes—James Steadman, who learned last year, has shorn down one side of his sheep; Jack Holmes and Gundalal Bill are well down the other sides of theirs; when Billy May raises himself with a jerking sigh, and releases his sheep, perfectly clean-shorn from the nose to the heels, through the aperture of his separate inclosure. With the same effort apparently he calls out "Wool!" and darts upon another sheep. Drawing this second victim across his knee, he buries his shear-points in the long wool of its neck. A moment after a lithe and eager boy has gathered up fleece number one and tossed it into the train-basket. He is half-way down its side, the wool hanging in one fleece like a great glossy mat, before you have done wondering whether he did really shear the first sheep, or whether he had not a ready-shorn one in his coat-sleeve—like a conjuror.

By this time, Jack Holmes and Gundalal Bill are "out" or finished; and the cry of "Wool!" seems to run continuously up and down the long aisles of the shed, like a single note upon some rude instrument. Now and then the "refrain" is varied by "Tar!" being shouted instead, when a piece of skin is snipped off as well as the wool. Great healing properties are attributed to this extract in the shed. And if a shearer slice off a piece of flesh from his own person, as occasionally happens, he gravely anoints it with the universal remedy, and considers that the onus then lies with Providence, there being no more that man can do. Though little time is lost, the men are by no means up to the speed which they will attain in a few days, when in full practice and training. Their nerve, muscle, eye, endurance, will be all at, so to speak, concert-pitch, and sheep after sheep will be shorn with a precision and celerity even awful to the unprofessional observer.

The manager, Mr. Hugh Gordon, marches softly up and down, regarding the shearers with a paternal and gratified expression, occasionally hinting at slight improvements of style, or expressing unqualified approval as a sheep is turned out shaven rather than shorn. All goes on well. Nothing is heard but expressions of good-will and enthusiasm for the general welfare. It is a triumph of the dignity of labor.

One o'clock. Mr. Gordon moved on to the bell, and sounded it. At the first stroke, several men on their way to the pens stopped abruptly, and began to put on their coats. One fellow, of an alert nature (Master Jack Windsor), had just finished his sheep and was sharpening his shears, when his eye caught Mr. Gordon's form in proximity to the final bell. With a bound, like a wildcat, he reached the pen and drew out his sheep a bare second before the first stroke, amidst the laughter and congratulations of his comrades. Another man had his hand on the pen-gate at the same instant, but, by the Median law, was compelled to return sheepless. He was cheered, but ironically. Those whose sheep were in an unfinished stage quietly completed them, the others moving off to their huts, where their board literally smoked with abundance.

A few days of showery weather follow, well-nigh driving our shearers to desperation, when out comes the sun in all his glory. He is never far away or very faint in Riverina. All the pens are filled for the morrow; very soon after the earliest sunbeams, the bell sounds its welcome summons, and the whole force tackles to the work with an ardor proportioned to the delay, every man working as if for the ransom of his whole family from slavery. How men work, spurred on by the double excitement of acquiring social reputation and making money rapidly! Not an instant is lost: not a nerve, limb, or muscle doing less than the hardest task-master could flog out of a slave. Occasionally you see a shearer, after finishing his sheep, walk quickly out, and not appearing for a couple of hours, or perhaps not again during the day. Do not put him down as a sluggard; be assured that he has tasked nature dangerously hard, and has only given in just before she does. Look at that silent slight youngster, with a bandage round his swollen wrist. Every "blow" of the shears is agony to him, yet he disdains to give in, and has been working "in distress" for hours. The pain is great, as you can see by the flush which occasionally surges

across his brown face, yet he goes on manfully to the last sheep, and endures to the very verge of fainting.

There was now a change in the manner and tone of the shed, especially toward the end of the day. It was now the ding of the desperate fray, when the blood of the fierce animal man is up, when mortal blows are exchanged, and curses float upward with the smoke and dust. The ceaseless clicking of the shears—the stern earnestness of the men, toiling with a feverish and tireless energy—the constant succession of sheep shorn and let go, caught and commenced—the occasional savage oath or passionate gesture, as a sheep kicked and struggled with perverse, delaying obstinacy—the cuts and stabs, with attendant effusion of blood, both of sheep and shearers—the brief, decided tones of Mr. Gordon, in repression or command—all told the spectator that tragic action was introduced into the performance. Indeed, one of the minor excitements of shearing was then and there transacted. Mr. Gordon had more than once warned a dark, sullen-looking man that he did not approve of his style of shearing. He was temporarily absent, and on his return found the same man about to let go a sheep whose appearance, as a shorn, wool-bearing quadruped, was painful and discreditable in the extreme.

"Let your sheep go, my man," said he, in a tone which somehow arrested the attention of nearly all the shearers; "but don't trouble yourself to catch another!"

"Why not?" said the delinquent, sulkily.

"You know very well why not!" replied Gordon, walking closely up to him, and looking straight at him with eyes that began to glitter. "You've had fair warning; you've not chosen to take it. Now you can go!"

"I suppose you'll pay a man for the sheep he's shorn?" growled out the ruffian.

"Not one shilling until after shearing. You can come then, if you like," answered Mr. Gordon, with perfect distinctness.

The cowed bully looked savagely at him; but the tall, powerful frame and steady eye were not inviting for personal arbitration of the matter in hand. He put up his two pairs of shears, put on his coat, and walked out of the shed. The time was passed when Red Bill or Terrible Dick (ruffians whom a sparse labor-market rendered necessary evils) would have flung down his shears upon the floor, and told the manager that if he didn't like that shearing he could shear his sheep himself, and be hanged to him; or, on refusal of instant payment, would have proposed to bury his shears in the intestines of his employer by way of adjusting the balance between Capital and Labor. Many wild tales are told of wool-shed rows. I knew of one squatter stabbed mortally with that fatal and convenient weapon, a shear-blade.

The man thus summarily dealt with could, like most of his companions, shear very well if he took pains. Keeping to a moderate number of sheep, his workmanship could be good. But he must needs try and keep up with Billy May or Abraham Lawson, who can shear from 100 to 130 sheep per day, and do them beautifully. So in "racing" he works hastily and badly, cuts the skin of his luckless sheep nearly as often as the wool, and leaves wool here and there on them, grievous and exasperating to behold. So sentence of expulsion goes forth fully against him. Having arrayed himself for the road, he makes one more effort for a settlement and some money wherewith to pay for board and lodging on the road. Only to have a mad carouse at the nearest township, however; after which he will tell a plausible story of his leaving the shed on account of Mr. Gordon's temper, and avail himself of the usual free hospitality of the bush to reach another shed. He addresses Mr. Gordon with an attempt at conciliation and deference.

"It seems very 'ard, sir, as a man can't get the trifles of money coming to him, which I've worked 'ard for."

"It's very 'ard you won't try and shear decently," retorts Mr. Gordon, by no means conciliated. "Leave the shed!"

Ill-conditioned rascal as he is, he has a mate or traveling-companion in whose breast exists some rough idea of fidelity. He now takes up the dialogue.

"I suppose if Jim's shearing don't suit, mine won't either."

"I did not speak to you," answered Mr. Gordon, as calmly as if he had expected the speech; "but of course you can go, too!"

He said this with an air of studied unconcern, as if he would rather like a dozen more men to knock off work. The two men walk out, but the epidemic does not spread; and several take the lesson home, and mend their ways accordingly.

THE BELLE OF THE VOYAGE.

"For there always is a Belle! One fair spirit, 'for my minister,' whom I can promenade up and down decks, exhibit the machinery to, converse with at night about the planets and cosmogony, and use for the purpose of staying off other women, and making the old maids furious as Mantalini's two countesses. Yes, Mr. Artist, the Belle of the Voyage is something more than a painter's dream or a title out of a Book of Beauty; she is one of the Captain's Rights, and a piece of his Furniture."

Thus colloquized, over a neat bottle of Chablis, the gallant X., a captain on the Inman line of steamers. His preference for the exquisite Miss Petticoes had been flagrant. He had walked with her, bragged to her, and lent her his fleetest wraps on cool days. His telescope was ever at her service, and was usually to be seen glued to one of her dark eyes. They had played off "practicals" upon each other: she had put him through a course of absurd attitudes, under pretense of teaching him the "Boston Dip"; and he had induced her to extend her promenade to the fore-castle-deck—where,

as quick as thought, an old salt had chalked around her pretty feet a magic circle, a zone from which she only escaped after her little Vienna portemonnaie had opened to its widest distension.

"There always is a Belle," continued the Captain, fingering some of the sketches with which the artist's book was scored. "Sometimes it is a Juno, sometimes it is a Psyche. I hardly know which I prefer, the experienced or the verdant. Last trip there was Mrs. Allweather, who had been to India, and whose trunks were stained with the sweat of filthy Arabs on the Nile. With her I could talk of anything and everything, and she turned a brandy-tumbler upside down like a horse-guard! Another advantage she had, her promenading was perfect—she never missed the step in turning about. But I hardly know whether, for steady diet, I don't prefer the dear little greenhorns! Their astonishment at everything is so delicious! They are so proud at discovering a sail which the maintopman has been watching for the last hour! They are so sure of seeing land, half-way over, if some steamer's smoke happens to lift over the horizon! They so constantly feel rocks bumping against the keel in mid-channel! The dear little hearts; how comfortably they cling to one's arm! It is only fair that a profession so thoroughly salted as ours should be allowed an occasional touch of something fresh."

At this moment the exquisite voice of the Belle was heard calling from above: "Captain X. ! Captain X. ! Here's a whole school of porpoises!" And the Captain seized his short gun and mounted to the deck. Pop! pop! went the vicious little shooting-iron, and the Beauty declared she saw a fat old India-rubbery porpoise hit, though the old maids steadily maintained that none of the shots had struck.

NEWS BREVITIES.

TURKEY has adopted the chassépot.

THE Pope has repudiated the guarantees offered him by the Italian Government.

A Sandwich Island missionary has translated Poe's "Raven" into the Hawaiian language.

THE exportation of oysters for seed to England is a new feature in the American oyster trade.

THE monster cannon "La Valérie," taken from Fort Valerien, is now on view in the park of Berlin.

THE Vienna Exhibition will be opened on September 1st, 1871, in the building of the Austrian Museum.

THE *Athenæum* newspaper is the property of Sir Charles Dilke, Bart., M. P., author of "Greater Britain."

THE English House of Commons voted £53,000 last week for the relief of the French sufferers in Paris.

A ROMAN Catholic propaganda, under the leadership of the Duke of Norfolk, has been founded in England.

IN the Waterville (Me.) poor-house, last year, there was more money spent for tobacco than for medicine.

THE beautiful charger upon which King Amadeus made his entry into Madrid, died that same evening from cold.

THE Congregational Church in Akron, O., has, by unanimous vote, discarded the use of wine at the Communion-table.

A PLOT, by which the slaves in Brazil hoped to obtain their freedom by force, has been discovered and frustrated.

PEORIA wishes to become the capital of Illinois, and promises to bind itself in the sum of \$805,203 for a Capitol building.

THE Franco-German war is the cause of frequent duels between the French and German officers in the army of the Khedive of Egypt.

THE last story from Silver Islet, in Lake Superior, is, that five tons of silver ore raised there on the 7th of February, yielded \$10,000 to the ton.

THE artificial flower manufacturers in Paris have received large orders for black flowers from England. But they are all destined for the Germans.

OUR "brier-wood" pipes are mostly made in Philadelphia, from the Maryland laurel—a plant which, although it has Briarean limbs, hardly fills the title.

AMONG Boston's 250,526 citizens are natives of every State in the Union, except West Virginia, Nebraska and Nevada. Our own State contributes 3,255.

THE lead mines in the Galena (Ill.) region, which were supposed to have been nearly exhausted, have, within the last six months, yielded better than ever before.

THE Château de Beauregard, formerly belonging to Honore de Balzac, the great novelist, was ransacked and utterly ruined by the Germans, according to a letter in the *Paris Gaulois*.

SENATOR SUMNER has one of the finest private collections of engravings in the country, and has spent a very large sum in their acquisition. Much of his surplus income is devoted to their purchase.

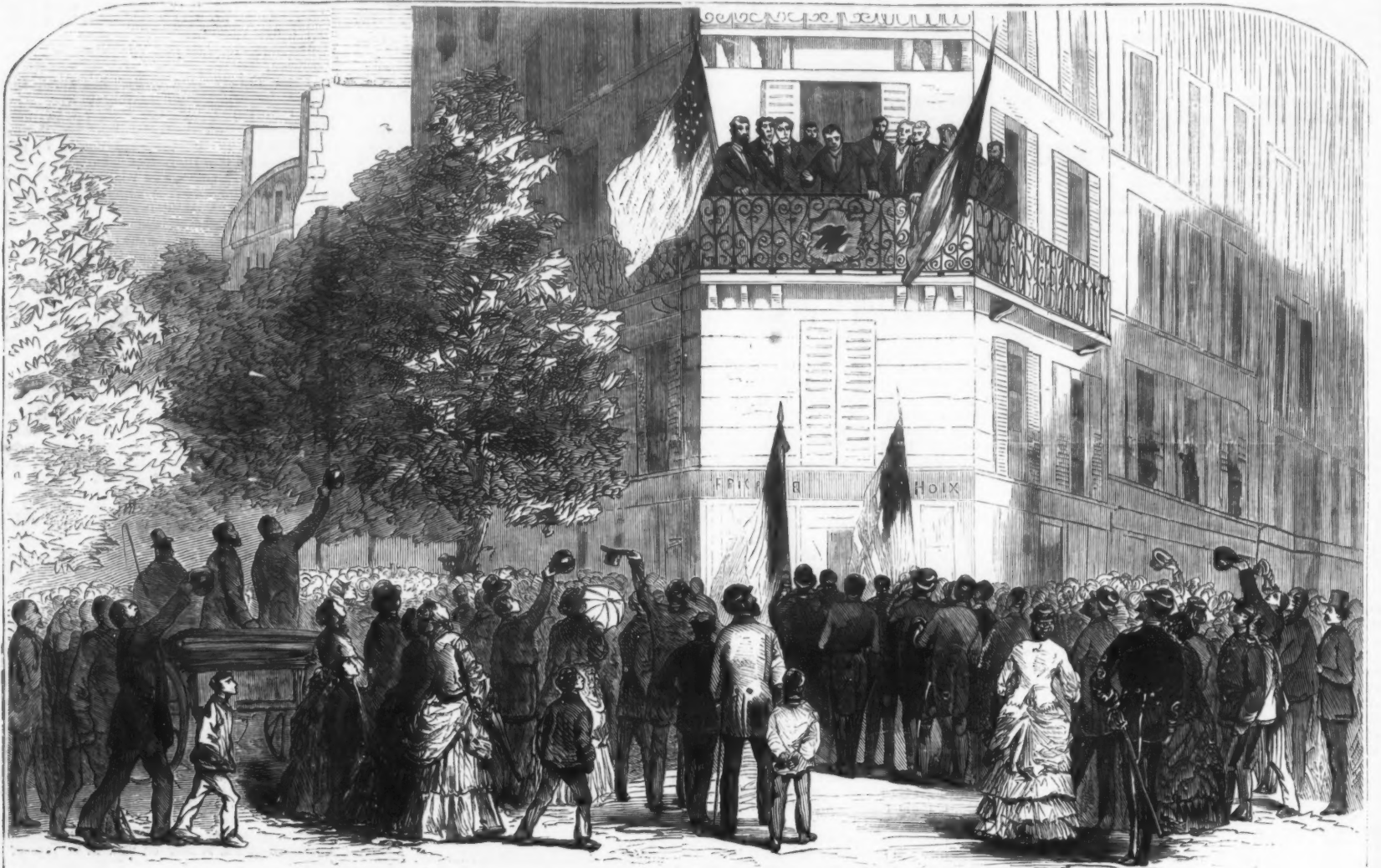
MRS. ANDERSON, M.D., née Elizabeth Garrett, continues to hold her place in the London Metropolitan School Board, notwithstanding that as a strict matter of law her marriage made her seat vacant.

THE new ship *Jean Ingelou* is now ready for sea, at Portsmouth, N. H., and on Monday week a photograph of her was taken as she lies at the wharf, to be sent to the charming English poetess for whom she is named.

UNDER the Irish Peace Preservation Act, the district in which a murder occurs has to compensate the family of the murdered. The widow of a steward has just received \$4,000, and the mother of a process-server \$1,876.

THE dispatches to the New York press alone, counting in those of the Associated Press and the special dispatches of individual journals during the past six months, have paid the cable company interest at the rate of 13 per cent. upon the present cost of laying a cable.

IT is stated that in a recent competitive trial between an Armstrong (British) wrought-iron and a Krupp (German) steel gun, the latter proved to have the greater endurance. After 121 rounds the Armstrong gun split, and was so severely damaged as to be unfit for further service. The steel gun remains in good condition after 210 rounds.



PARIS.—OVATION TO MINISTER WASHBURNE, AT THE AMERICAN EMBASSY, ON THE RECOGNITION OF THE FRENCH REPUBLIC BY THE UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT.

SCENES IN SANTO DOMINGO.

CONTINUING our pictorial history of Santo Domingo, we have this week views of military and business life, which certainly bear an expression of quaintness. The tannery is a small building of wood, that a heavy wind might easily destroy, and is provided with a series of vats, answering fully the demands for leather. Rude benches, formed of logs of trees, supported by slender legs, are scattered about the apartment, on which natives are seen removing the hair from skins, and otherwise preparing it for the process of tanning. Owing to the heat, the men are lightly attired, a pair of pantaloons and a handkerchief or hat being all they require.

In our second sketch we have a glimpse of the regular army of the Republic, an advance force pushed out to Azua on the Via River, to check the movements of Cabral's opposing forces. The officers have chosen an agreeable spot for the rendezvous of their men, and the members of the force seem determined to derive as much enjoyment as the circumstances of their occupation will permit. The hammock—a fitting emblem of luxury—swung from tree to tree, is a novel piece of furniture in modern warfare, but the accumulation of arms, not very formidable in appearance, shows that the men are on the alert for the wary chief of the "insurgents." And, indeed, the movements of Cabral justify this watchfulness. During the early explorations of the United States Commissioners, fears were entertained of an attack by Cabral's forces, and recent intelligence tends to show that he has no intention of postponing any moves, as it is reported he has defeated a force of Baez's army, after a short and irregular fight.

The base of President Baez's military operations against Cabral is at the town of Azua, on the south coast of the island, toward the Haytien frontier. The territory of the insurgent chief lies between the river Neyba and the Haytien boundary, extending north to the chain of the mountains at the head of the Neyba, with headquarters at the interior town of San Juan, upon that river. His present force is variously estimated at from four hundred to a thousand men.

In connection with these views we publish a portrait of Louis Paul Augener, the originator of the annexation scheme.

OVATION TO U. S. MINISTER WASHBURNE, AT PARIS.

AMERICANS may well be proud of their Minister

to France, the Hon. E. B. Washburne, while both Germany and France have reason to thank him for his services during the siege of Paris. He stood manfully at his post, when the repre-

sentatives of other nations fled to places of greater safety; and it is no wonder that, after the Recognition, the Ministerial residence was visited by a large crowd of people, citizens, soldiers, and the peasantry, who wished to give expression to their feelings of admiration for his fidelity, courage, and humane actions. Such a compliment was truly flattering, and no one will say it was not bravely won. It has been well for the United States, for the Empire of Germany and for the Republic of France, that a man of such integrity was given the portfolio of Minister Resident at Paris.

FRENCH PEASANTS RETURNING FROM CHURCH.

HAPPILY opposed to scenes consequent on long warfare is the view of a peasant congregation returning from their humble church far up in the mountains of Alsace—one of the provinces so strongly coveted by Prussia, and so heartily loyal to stricken France. The little church, erected in the midst of a stately forest clothing the mountain range, is a place where the simple lessons of Christ are studied, where religion holds authority and mortal conflicts cease.

Down the roadway, steep and irregular, the *bourgeois* seek their homes, leaving the dwelling-place of peace to engage in the confusion of busy life.

Our cut represents the return from Mass on Mt. Odille, where a shrine exists to a saint of that name, the patroness of Alsace.

FRANCE: DISTRIBUTING FOOD AT ST. DENIS.

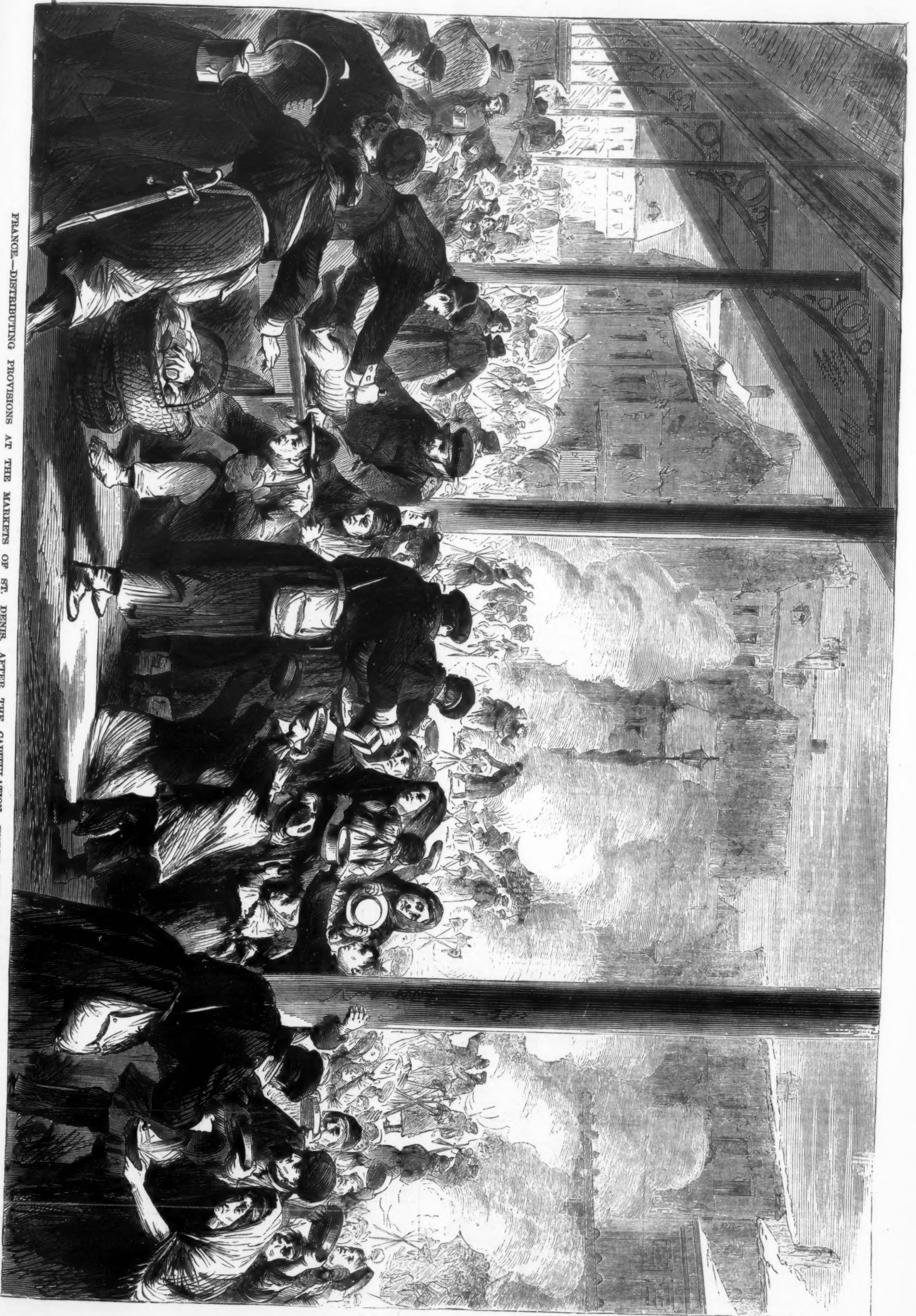
SHORTLY after the occupation of Paris, and its suburbs, by the Prussian troops, trains of provisions passed the lines, and the victors themselves superintended the distribution offered to the hungry populace. At St. Denis, vegetables, meats, and other articles were conveyed to the principal market, and the soldiers having built fires in the open space beyond the shed, soon had choice cuts of meat roasting, while others were equally active in dealing out bouillon to the poor people.

Eagerness and suffering were expressed on many countenances, and here and there an unusual anxiety to obtain food. The supply, fortunately, was sufficient to relieve the existing distress, and subsequent distributions placed the people beyond the possibility of starvation.



GOOD FRIDAY IN ALSACE.—PEASANTS RETURNING FROM MASS AT THE SHRINE ON MOUNT ODILLE.

FRANCE.—DISTRIBUTING PROVISIONS AT THE MARKETS OF ST. DENIS, AFTER THE CAPTIVATION, UNDER SUPERINTENDENCE OF THE PRUSSIANS.



DISTRIBUTION OF EAST AND WEST TRAFFIC.

The Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad is not one of those new enterprises far away from the great centres and currents of trade, projected for the development of comparatively unknown and unsettled regions, and dependent for support upon local interests merely, or upon a future trade yet to be created.

Its route lies through the heart of two populous States, rich in iron, coal, and agricultural resources, and it will connect the waters of the Chesapeake Bay—the finest harbor on the Atlantic coast—with the enormous traffic of the Ohio River and its tributaries, and the entire railroad system of the great West and Southwest.

The extension of the road to the Ohio River is imperatively demanded for the accommodation of existing traffic between the Atlantic coast and the West, which has far outgrown the capacity of the other routes, and is rapidly increasing.

The volume of traffic passing from East to West, and vice versa, in this country, has risen to such colossal dimensions, that the railroad lines leading to and from the seaboard, even with the help of a canal for a part of the year, are insufficient to move the vast amount of produce, offering at reasonable rates. The supplies of breadstuffs, cattle, cotton, tobacco, and the like, available in the upper Mississippi and Ohio Valleys for shipment to the Atlantic coast cities and to Europe, has been estimated at fifty million tons per annum. By reason of the high rates of carriage, the actual quantity shipped through over the present lines of communication is only about one-half that aggregate, and the surplus products are increasing faster than the means of transportation. It is fortunate, therefore, that another trunk line to the West is nearly completed, which will connect the unfailing navigation of the great Chesapeake Bay with the chief railroad and river cities of the West by a route shorter, of easier grades, and with more favorable conditions for cheap working than any of the older lines. It is doubtful whether any railroad in the United States was ever constructed with so great a certainty of an enormous and profitable business, already awaiting it, as is the case with the Chesapeake and Ohio.

The value and importance of the iron and coal deposits of Virginia and West Virginia have long been known, and the extension of this road opens them to the markets East and West. Extensive purchases of iron and coal lands have been made by practical men along the line of the road, and now that its extension has become a certainty, preparations are in progress for very large operations in coal-mining, and the manufacture of iron.

These facts, together with the established character and credit of the company, and its strong financial position, give to its securities quite a different character from that of the bonds of new roads, whose future success is uncertain, and can only be determined after their completion.

The very able and honorable financial management which has placed the credit of the Central Pacific Railroad so high, and rendered the securities of that company so popular, both here and in Europe, will be carried into the Chesapeake and Ohio through Mr. C. P. Huntington, Vice-President of the Central Pacific, who is also President of the Chesapeake and Ohio, and through Messrs. Flak & Hatch, the distinguished bankers, who are the financial agents of both companies, and who have imparted, by their honorable and judicious management, to the bonds of the Central Pacific a standing never before attained in the same length of time by an American railroad company.

It is reasonable to assume, therefore, that the bonds of the Chesapeake and Ohio, in the same able hands, will take an equal rank in the markets, both at home and abroad.

INSTITUTIONS for the instruction of young girls and women in the use of sewing-machines are being organized in large cities, and are doing very much toward enabling those who will, to gain an honorable and respectable living, being based on the principle that *skilled labor* will command good pay. The society formed in Brooklyn, N. Y., for this purpose, has instructed one thousand two hundred poor girls, in the past two years, to operate these machines, and they have gone forth *skilled* in their use, able to support themselves—honorable and respectably. To those who, either for themselves or friends, feel an interest in these societies, we desire to offer a suggestion. Of the various sewing-machines in the market, among which new beginners applying for instruction have their choice, many, while excellent for *special* kinds of work, are not suited to the *variety* of fabrics which a *general* operator must invariably handle; others, of more recent invention and modern improvement, have been specially adapted to meet this want, and are particularly recommended on account of the great *range* or *capacity* which they possess, enabling the operator to execute, without change, or readjustment, every description of work required by people of all classes. Prominent among machines of this class, we may mention the "Weed 'F. P.' or Family Favorite, which, perhaps, more than any other, combines the qualities to render it most desirable for *universal* requirements, united with simplicity and thoroughness of construction, ease of comprehension, durability, and beauty and perfection of execution. There seems to be no limit to the amount of real practical good which, with proper management, such societies may accomplish, and to the philanthropic throughout the country we commend the plan, as one calculated, to some extent at least, to solve the vexed problem of "woman's work."

The devices of the Free Trade League for bringing their ideas before the people are full of originality and vigor. The *People's Pictorial Taxpayer*, just issued and published by them, is a large, beautiful sheet, exquisitely typographed on tinted paper. Its open page shows a series of drawings, in which the articles of ordinary use, hats, stoves, grain, cigars, and what not, are marked with the imposts we pay on them. The centre picture, to which these sketches form a frame, is a really capital cartoon by Bellow, representing Greeley as an old hospital nurse, holding the following dialogue with Uncle Sam:

UNCLE SAM—"Well, mammy, you've been nursing and nursing your infant manufactures with your tariff quackery for the last fifty years, and you say they can't stand on their legs yet. Why is this then?"

MAMMY TRIBUNE—"They've never had enough 'nussin' yet."

UNCLE SAM—"Nonsense! the tariff for your pig-iron costs me nineteen millions a year! You've killed my shipping and robbed my farmer for these greedy mo-

nopoly brats. Give them some good Free-Trade food—that's what they want!"

MAMMY TRIBUNE (in a tantrum)—"Get out, you odious creecher, you're bribed by British gold, and you lie—you lie!"

DURING the war of the Rebellion every soldier, North or South, if he could, obtained a bottle of "LEA & PERRINS' SAUCE," the use of which, on the march and in the camp, ward off fevers, chills, checked diarrhea, and proved a healthful stimulant. This world-renowned condiment seems to be "born to good luck." In camp, in the field, on the march, in the messroom, in the tourist's portmanteau, and on the family table, morning, noon and night, it is just the thing. When you purchase, see that you get the genuine.

The Meriden Britannia Co., 199 Broadway, New York, are making a specialty of the Silver finish on their Silver Plated Ware, which surpasses anything in this line we have yet seen. Their manufactories are at West Meriden, Conn., and are among the largest for making plated ware of any in the world.

SAYS the Muscatine (Ia.) Courier: "We have done, and are still doing, business with quite a number of advertising agencies throughout the country, and have no fault to find with them; but Messrs. Geo. P. Rowell & Co. give us more business than any other. Furnishing a large amount of advertising, and paying promptly, has put this house at the very head of agencies, and has made them a name for honesty, reliability, liberality and promptness, which of itself is worth a fortune."

A. A. HAYES, M. D., State Assayer of Massachusetts, pronounces Hall's Sicilian hair renewer an efficient preparation for cleansing the skin of the head, promoting the growth, and restoring the original color of the hair when it has become gray.

To avert evil is one of the grandest triumphs of human skill. This triumph is achieved by DR. WALKER'S VEGETABLE VINEGAR BITTERS. They build up, fortify and renovate the feeble system, thus enabling it to defy the elemental causes of disease. Hence their efficacy as a protective medicine, in districts where the air and water are impure. The weakest and most susceptible organization is rendered proof against all malarious disorders by taking one or two doses daily as a preventive.

HONESTY is the best policy in medicine as well as in other things. AYER'S SARSAPARILLA is a genuine preparation of that unequalled spring medicine and blood purifier, decidedly superior to the poor imitations heretofore in the market. Trial proves it.

CHROMOS and Frames, Stereoscopes, Albums, Photographic Materials and Graphoscopes, imported and manufactured by E. & H. T. ANTHONY & CO., 591 Broadway, N. Y., opposite Metropolitan Hotel.

ANY YOUNG LADY WHO WILL forward her address, with four two-cent postage stamps inclosed, will receive the ONCE A WEEK gratis for four weeks.

FRANK LESLIE'S PUBLISHING HOUSE, 537 PEARL STREET, N. Y.

For Moth Patches, Freckles and Tan,

Use PERRY'S MOTH AND FRECKLE LOTION. It is reliable and harmless. Prepared only by Dr. B. C. PERRY, Dermatologist, 49 Bond Street, New York. Sold by druggists everywhere. 808-20

INDEPENDENT FORTUNE IN SIX MONTHS.

It can be made by men who know how to do business on the quiet and can keep a secret. No communications received from Ladies will be answered. For particulars address

ETHAN GILBERT, 808-11) 599 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

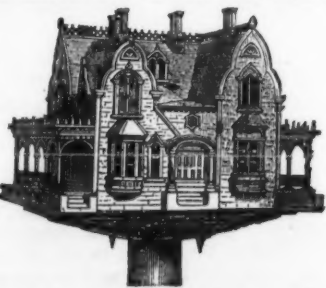
AGENTS!—Every Book Agent and ALL who see this, WRITE ME and be wise! Address F. S. FULLER, Publisher, Springfield, Mass. *It will Pay.*

JOHN SEIL & SON, Ladies' & Gentlemen's Furnishing Store.

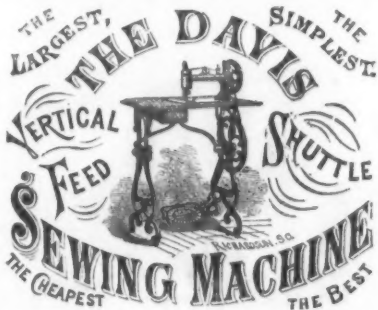
DRY AND FANCY GOODS, HOSIERY AND GLOVES. 6 New York Mills Shirts, made to order, \$18.

446 Fourth Avenue, Near Thirtieth St., NEW YORK. 810-513

Metallic Bird-House No. 4.



Finished in white enamel. Illustrated catalogues sent free. Address MILLER IRON CO., Providence, R. I., Manufacturers of Ornamental Iron Work for Gardens, Lawns, Parks, Cemeteries, etc. For sale by R. K. Bliss & Son, 23 Park Place, New York; Curtis & Cobb, 161 Tremont street, and Isaiah White, 100 Tremont street, Boston; Kinnicut & Co., Worcester, Mass.; A. H. Francis & Co., 513 Market street, Philadelphia; and Keen and Hagerty, Baltimore, Md.



Possesses all the desirable qualities of the Standard Machines in the market. In its Capacity—being the LARGEST Family Machine made. In its Simplicity—being composed of but THIRTEEN WORKING PARTS. In its Adaptability to a wide range of work. In its ease of operation—running light and quiet, and being easily comprehended. In its Superior Construction and Beauty of Style and Finish.

BUT ITS PRINCIPAL FEATURE IS ITS VERTICAL FEED!!

which is the most practical and desirable device for the purpose possessed by any Machine, giving THE DAVIS the preference, and which the Manufacturers claim makes it

SUPERIOR TO ALL OTHER MACHINES.

THE DAVIS has been before the public nearly Ten Years, and unlike other Machines, has not been puffed into notoriety, but in a quiet way has earned a great reputation on account of its many desirable qualities. Agents are desired in every County in the United States and Canada, not already occupied, to whom the most liberal terms known to the trade will be given, by addressing the Manufacturers, THE DAVIS SEWING MACHINE COMPANY, 808-18-cow Of Watertown, N. Y.

THE WIZARD'S CARDS.—A Full Pack of PLAYING CARDS, constructed for the performance of Wonderful Tricks, with a book of Complete Instructions. Price \$1. Sent post-paid. ADAMS & CO., 25 Bromfield Street, Boston. 809-10

KNOTS UNTIED

OR WAYS AND BY-WAYS IN THE HIDDEN LIFE OF AMERICAN DETECTIVES.

By Officer McWATERS. A narrative of 25 years' experience among Bank Robbers, Counterfeiters, Thieves, Pickpockets, Lottery Dealers, Confidence Men and Swindlers of all classes of society—disclosing marked instances of diabolical vengeance and deep-laid plans of mischief and outrage, and showing the modes by which they were traced out and scoundrels brought to justice. A large volume of over 650 pages; 30 full-page engravings. AGENTS WANTED. Address the publishers, J. B. BURR & HYDE, Hartford, Conn. 809-12

Neptune Steam Laundry.

OFFICES—148 East Fifth Street, and 275 West Twenty-third Street. BRANCH OFFICES—861 Broadway and 588 Sixth Avenue.

Family and Gentlemen's WASHING attended to in the finest style and with promptness.

PRICES MODERATE.

NO ACIDS OR CHEMICALS USED.

Ladies' Clothing under special charge of an experienced woman. Goods called for and delivered FREE OF CHARGE. Orders by mail or otherwise receive immediate attention.

WE NEVER DISAPPOINT. 1f

A Great Offer.

HORACE WATERS, 481 Broadway, N. Y., will dispose of One Hundred PIANOS, MELODEONS, and ORGANS of six first-class makers, including Waters', at EXTREMELY LOW PRICES, FOR CASH, DURING THIS MONTH, or will take a small portion cash and balance in monthly or quarterly installments.

RICH, RARE and RACY READING. Wit, Humor, Fun. Sent free. Address BANNER, Hinsdale, N. H. 809-11

MAGIC FOR THE PARLOR.

Stamp for a Price-List. Send to HARTZ MAGIC REPOSITORY, 748 Broadway, New York.

FIRST PREMIUM awarded by Am. Inst., 1870. MICROSCOPES, Illustrated price list and catalogue free to any address. eow) T. H. MCALLISTER, Optician, 49 Nassau St., N. Y.

Steel Pens.

American Branch of House, 91 John Street, New York.

JOSEPH GILLOTT & SONS.

HENRY OWEN, Sole Agent. 802-14

PERFUMERY.

For the largest assortment and best terms, call upon or address

C. B. WOODWORTH & SON, Rochester, N. Y. N. Y. Office, 335 Broadway. 807-810

DOLLAR STEAM ENGINE

EVERY MACHINE WARRANTED. Explosion impossible. ANY CHILD CAN RUN IT. Sent post-paid for \$1.30. SEND STAMP FOR CIRCULAR. J. M. HALSTED, 808-11 871 Broadway, N. Y.

FRANK LESLIE'S BOYS' AND GIRLS' WEEKLY has the best Stories, and most entertaining matter for the Young. Read the New Story, "Philip's Perils."

DRY GOODS.

NEW SILKS, NEW DRESS GOODS, MOURNING GOODS, PARASOLS, UMBRELLAS, Etc., Etc., Etc. AT POPULAR PRICES.

ARNOLD, CONSTABLE & CO., BROADWAY, COR. NINETEENTH ST.

HOSIERY.

ARNOLD, CONSTABLE & CO. have now open their full

supply of LADIES' REAL BALBRIGGAN HOSE, IN SANDAL LACE AND EMBROIDERED. LADIES' AND CHILDREN'S IMITATION BALBRIGGAN HOSE. LADIES' AND CHILDREN'S SILK AND SPUN HOSE, IN TARTANS AND FANCY STRIPES. ENGLISH AND GERMAN LISLE THREAD HOSE, PLAIN AND OPEN WORK. LADIES' AND CHILDREN'S FANCY LISLE THREAD AND COTTON HOSE. LADIES' SILK AND LISLE THREAD OPERA HOSE.

MEN'S COTTON, LISLE THREAD. REAL AND IMITATION BALBRIGGAN. PLAIN AND FANCY SILK HALF HOSE, OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.

UNDERWEAR.

LADIES', GENTLEMEN'S AND CHILDREN'S SILK, GAUZE AND GOSAMER. MERINO VESTS AND DRAWERS, MEDICATED SCARLET DITTO, ETC., ETC., AT EXCEEDINGLY LOW PRICES.

BROADWAY, COR. NINETEENTH STREET.

CLOTHS AND CASSIMERES.

BLACK AND COLORED CLOTHS, DOESKINS AND CASSIMERES, SCOTCH CHEVIOT SUITINGS, OVERCOATINGS, FANCY CASSIMERES IN NEW STYLES AND COLORINGS, FOR GENTLEMEN AND YOUTHS, AT RETAIL.

ARNOLD, CONSTABLE & CO., BROADWAY AND NINETEENTH STREET.

DIAMOND BROKER.

J. HEITNER, No. 687 BROADWAY, gives special attention to the SELECTION AND SALE OF DIAMONDS, and all precious stones. He employs skillful workmen, and enjoys the best facilities of REMODELING AND RESETTING JEWELRY, ETC.

NEW GOODS.

A CHOICE VARIETY OF GOLD AND PARIS JEWELRY, ETC.

H. ELLIS, 823 Broadway, Three Doors above Twelfth Street.

W. J. GRAHAM,

MANUFACTURER OF

LOOKING GLASSES,

Frames, Portable Desks, and Workboxes 82 BOWERY,

Near Canal Street, NEW YORK.

A NEW WAY TO MAKE LOTS OF MONEY. Something never offered before. Send stamped and plainly addressed envelope to LEWIS MORRIS & CO., 150 Fulton Street, New York. 810-11

WHISKERS, MUSTACHE or HAIR warranted to grow on man or boy in 21 days, or money refunded. Sent free for 50 cents. Address E. H. COLVIN, Hadley's Station, Illinois.



Beautifies the complexion by removing Pimples and all other disagreeable disorders of the skin. Twenty-five cents per box.

JOHN F. HENRY, Sole Proprietor, No. 8 College Place, New York. 810-22

AGENTS, LOOK!—\$12 a Day made selling our Goods. T. J. HASTINGS & CO., Worcester, Mass. 809-12

ILLUSTRATIONS

Of Target Practice, Description, Price List, etc., of the CELEBRATED

MAYNARD RIFLES AND SHOT-GUNS

sent on request by letter addressed to MASS. ARMS CO., Chicopee Falls, Mass. 809-11

EVERYBODY READ THIS.—AGENTS Wanted, male and female, for an entirely new article universally used in every family, and never before introduced. For terms address, with stamp, J. W. FRANK & CO., Marshall, Mich. 803-15

FRAGRANT SAPOLIENE

Cleans Kid Gloves and all kinds of Cloths and Clothing; removes Paint, Grease, Tar, etc., instantly, without the least injury to the finest fabric. Sold by Druggists and Fancy Goods Dealers. FRAGRANT SAPOLIENE CO., 33 Barclay St., New York; 46 La Salle St., Chicago. 809-20

DE GARMO'S DANCING ACADEMY,

82 Fifth Avenue, corner Fourteenth Street, Classes for beginners constantly forming. Also classes constantly forming in "The Boston" and Redowa. Circulars at the Academy.

What the Press Say of the New Paper, "Once a Week."

We take the following quotations at random from the host of notices that have greeted the early numbers of "ONCE A WEEK." The opinions are unanimously favorable and encouraging:

"It will be welcomed by all the young ladies of America."—*South Side Observer*, Freeport, Me.

"It is a perfect little gem."—*Fond du Lac Daily*, Wis.

"Its merits will doubtless commend it to the young ladies."—*Palladium News*, West Hoboken.

"The pictures are really exquisite."—*Evening Courier*, Newark, N. J.

"It is of the finest character."—*Chester Valley Union*, Coatesville, Pa.

"It is as fresh and beautiful as it can be."—*Democrat Watchman*, Bellefonte, Pa.

"It is an elegant and beautiful journal for young ladies."—*Bristol News*, Va.

"It will prove a success with young ladies."—*El Paso Journal*, Ill.

"It is destined to become a great favorite with the ladies."—*City and Country*, Nyack and Piermont.

"Intended especially for young ladies."—*Haverhill Gazette*, Mass.

"Something new."—*Conservative*, McConnellsville, Ohio.

"Quite creditable, and highly deserving the attention of ladies."—*Oconomowoc Times*, Wis.

"Will be found very useful to young ladies."—*Shippenburg News*, Pa.

"We cheerfully recommend it to our lady readers."—*Newport News*, Ferry Co., Pa.

"We bespeak for it a large patronage."—*Winnebago City Press*, Minn.

"A first-class lady's journal."—*Commonwealth*, Boston, Mass.

"Agreeable and interesting."—*Post*, Middleburg Co., Pa.

"Very neat and recherché."—*Summit Times*, Miss.

"It is especially adapted to the young ladies."—*N. Y. Evening Express*, Feb. 22d.

"It is a very handsome, illustrated weekly paper, intended especially for young ladies."—*The Matinee*.

"It is a welcome addition to our current literature."—*The Stage*.

"It is very agreeable and interesting."—*The Press*, of Philadelphia.

"It is splendidly illustrated, with great success."—*Gloversville Standard*, N. Y.

"It appeals particularly to young ladies."—*Republican*, Binghamton, N. Y.

"A new illustrated paper, a young lady's journal."—*N. Y. Evening Mail*.

"It has elegant engravings, numerous fashion-plates and patterns, and excellent reading matter."—*Gloucester Telegraph*, Mass.

"We commend this new enterprise to our fair readers."—*St. Albans*, N. Y.

"It is very pretty and has good stories."—*Northern Advocate*, Claremont, N. Y.

"It is very attractive and interesting."—*Spring Lake Independent*, Ottawa Co., Mo.

"Its contents are what the fastidious taste of cultivated ladies demands."—*Gazette and Democrat*, New Castle, Pa.

For Sale at all Book Stores. Price 6 Cents.

TERMS.

One Copy, one year, 52 numbers	-	-	\$3 00
" " six months, 26 "	-	-	1 50
" " three months, 13 "	-	-	75
Two Copies, one year	-	-	5 00
Six " " "	-	-	15 00

And one to the Getter-up of the Club.

FRANK LESLIE'S PUBLISHING HOUSE,
537 Pearl Street, N. Y.

ELEGANT DESIGNS IN WALNUT AND ASH,

With Mottled Oak Ornaments, - - - - \$2
Same, with Nottingham Lace Curtains included, 3



The annexed cut represents the WASHINGTON CORNICE, with Nottingham Lace Curtains suspended over the Washstand by a simple attachment which secures it to the wall, and is as readily adjusted as a picture-frame.

Nothing is so unpleasant to a tidy housekeeper as to see the walls behind the Washstand bespattered with water and soiled with dust. To obviate the difficulty, strips of paper, muslin, or lace are pinned upon the wall; but these cover one defect by displaying another.

This WASHINGTON CORNICE not only serves as a complete protection to the wall, but makes the Washstand

A BEAUTIFUL ARTICLE OF FURNITURE.

Attached to the Cornice are two arms, swinging on a pivot, to which may be added a LAMBEQUIN of either Muslin, Rep or Lace; or they can be swung out and used for a Towel-Rack.

Sent to any part of the country on receipt of amount. Parties out of town ordering, will be particular to give name of Town and State, and full Shipping directions.

All orders addressed to

LORD & TAYLOR, Sole Agents,

Cor. Broadway and Twentieth St., N. Y.

WANTED—AGENTS (230 per day) to sell the celebrated HOME SHUTTLE SEWING MACHINE. Has the under-feed, makes the "lock stitch" (alike on both sides), and is fully licensed. The best and cheapest family Sewing Machine in the market. Address JOHNSTON, CLARK & CO., Boston, Mass.; Pittsburgh, Pa.; Chicago, Ill.; or St. Louis, Mo.

This is no Humbug!

By sending 30 cents and stamp, with age, height, color of eyes and hair, you will receive by return mail a correct picture of your future husband or wife, with name and date of marriage. Address W. FOX, P. O. Drawer No. 38, Fultonville, N. Y.

805-820-c.

DEGRAAF & TAYLOR.

87 and 89 Bowery, 65 Chrystie, and 130 and 132 Hester Street, New York,

(Branch Store, 81 Fourth Avenue.)

STILL CONTINUE TO KEEP THE LARGEST STOCK OF

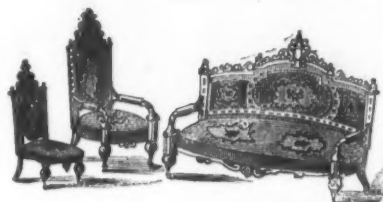
PARLOR, DINING AND BEDROOM

Furniture, Carpets,

Oil-Cloths, Mattresses,

Spring Beds, Etc.,

of any house in the United States, which they offer at Retail and Wholesale prices.



COLLINS' GOLD METAL WATCHES.

PRICE \$15, \$20, \$25.

Sent C. O. D. to any part of the United States.

"The goods of C. E. COLLINS & CO. have invariably given satisfaction."—*N. Y. Times*

"One of their \$20 watches is worn in our office, and we have no hesitation in recommending them."—*Pomeroy's Democrat*.

"They are excellent timekeepers, and, for all practical purposes, as good as a fine gold watch."—*Liberal Christian*.

"We have examined the watches, and find them good and low-priced."—*Philadelphia Press*.

"Every watch is warranted. The works are reliable, and in all respects equal to a gold watch costing \$200."—*La Crosse Republican*.

"They look as well and keep as good time as gold watches costing \$150."—*Philadelphia City Item*.

Address C. E. COLLINS & CO., 335 Broadway, New York.

BOOK AGENTS WANTED FOR ANY or all of the following standard and popular works:

MRS. BEETON'S BOOK OF HOUSEHOLD MANAGEMENT, with Colored Cooking Plates.

BEETON'S DICTIONARY OF UNIVERSAL INFORMATION.

THE SCIENCES, Moral, Mathematical, Physical and Natural. The Arts and Literature.

THE DICTIONARY OF EVERY-DAY DIFFICULTIES, or, Hard Words Made Easy.

An active and intelligent canvasser can make \$150 per month, with ease. These books are useful in every household, and have the endorsement of the best English authorities. Send for circulars and terms.

Address: U. S. Publishing Co., 411 Broome street, N. Y.; 177 West Fourth street, Cincinnati; 130 South Clark street, Chicago; 410 Market Street, St. Louis.

JOKER'S DICTIONARY.—FREE. Address (with stamp), GEO. MANSON, 37 Park Row, N. Y. 804-16

MONEY

Easily made with our Stencil and Key-Check Outfit. Circulars free. STAFFORD MFG CO., 66 Fulton street, New York. 808-833



Portability combined with great power in FIELD, MARINE, TOURISTS', OPERA, and general outdoor day and night double perspective glasses; will show distinctly a person, to know him, at from two to six miles. Spectacles of the greatest transparent power, to strengthen and improve the sight, without the disagreeable result of frequent changes. Catalogues sent by enclosing stamp. EMMON'S, OCULISTS' OPTICIAN, 687 Broadway, New York. 11

REDUCTION OF PRICES

TO CONFORM TO

REDUCTION OF DUTIES.

Great Saving to Consumers

BY GETTING UP CLUBS.

Send for our New Price-List, and a Club Form will accompany it, containing full directions—making a large saving to consumers, and remunerative to club organizers.

THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA CO.,

31 & 33 VESEY STREET,

P. O. Box 5,643. New York.

PSYCHOMANCY.—Any lady or gentleman can make \$1000 a month, secure their own happiness and independence, by reading Psychomancy, Fascination or Soul Charming, 40 pages. Full instructions to use this power over men or animals at will, how to Memorize, become Trance or Writing Mediums, Divination, Spiritualism, Alchemy, Philosophy of Omens and Dreams, Brigham Young's Harem, Guide to Marriage &c.: 200,000 sold. Sent by mail in cloth, for \$1.35, paper covers, \$1.00. The *Phalad's Star*, speaking of the book says, its author is HANSEY HANSEY, R. A., the celebrated Psychological lecturer. The publisher T. W. Evans, one of the oldest established Perfumers and Publishers in the city, the mention of whose name is a sufficient guarantee of its merits. Mr. Evans has spent \$60,000 in advertising and getting out this extraordinary book. Skeptics in Psychology read and be convinced of this wonderful occult power.

NOTICE.—Any person willing to act as Agent will receive a sample copy FREE. As no capital is required, all desirous of profitable employment should send for the work, enclosing 10c. for postage, to T. W. EVANS, 41 St. Eighth St., Philadelphia, Pa.

MAGIC PHOTOGRAPHS.

The greatest Wonder of the Age.—25 cents a package; five assorted packages for \$1. Sent, postage paid, by W. C. WEMYSS, 3 Astor Place, New York.

SIC MEDALLION SEWING MACHINE.

Price reduced. Monthly payments, 50 cents on trial. Sew everything a needle will go through. Samples of sewing free. Address MEDALLION MACHINE CO., 11 Nassau St., N. Y.

\$30 PER WEEK. AGENTS WANTED

everywhere. Circulars free. Address C. W. DENNIS, Rochester, N. Y. 801-13

RUPTURE, ABDOMINAL WEAK-

NESS or Complicity.—Relief and Cure. *Seely's Hard Rubber Trusses and Supporters*. Late patterns, indestructible (steel-coated), cleanly, light, safe, comfortable. Also Bandages, etc. Establishments: 1347 Chestnut street, Philadelphia, and 3 Ann Street, New York. Send for Pamphlet. 794-818-cow

CURL YOUR HAIR!

A BOTTLE OF MAGNETIC CURLIQUE sent Free for 25 cts. It curls straight hair in beautiful curls on the first application, and will remain in curl 10 days. Address R. BYRON & CO., Garrettsville, Ohio. 808-11

\$5 TO \$10 PER DAY. MEN, WOMEN,

BOYS and GIRLS who engage in our new business make from \$5 to \$10 per day in their own localities. Full particulars and instructions sent free by mail. Those in need of permanent, profitable work, should address at once. GEORGE STINSON & CO., Portland, Maine.

EMPLOYMENT for ALL.

\$30 SALARY PER WEEK, and expenses, to sell our new and useful discoveries. Address B. SWEET & Co., Marshall, Mich. 806-91

Newspaper

Advertising.

A Book of 125 closely printed pages, lately issued, contains a list of the best American Advertising Mediums, giving the names, circulations, and full particulars concerning the leading Daily and Weekly Political and Family Newspapers, together with all those having large circulations, published in the interest of Religion, Agriculture, Literature, &c., &c. Every Advertiser, and every person who contemplates becoming such, will find this book of great value. Mailed free to any address on receipt of fifteen cents. GEO. P. ROWELL & CO., Publishers, No. 40 Park Row, New York. The *Pittsburg (Pa.) Leader*, in its issue of May 29, 1870, says: "The firm of G. P. Rowell & Co., which issues this interesting and valuable book, is the largest and best Advertising Agency in the United States, and we can cheerfully recommend it to the attention of those who desire to advertise their business scientifically and systematically in such a way that is, so to secure the largest amount of publicity for the least expenditure of money."

\$10 A DAY.—Business entirely new. Circulars free. Address J. C. RAND & CO., Biddeford, Me.

THE NEW WILSON

Under-Feed Shuttle SEWING MACHINES!

\$25 cheaper than any other!

For Simplicity, Durability and Beauty they stand unrivaled! For STITCHING, HEMMING, TUCKING, FELLING, QUILTING, CORDELING, BINDING, BRAIDING, GATHERING, and sewing on buttons, they are unequalled!

For particulars address Wilson Sewing Machine Co., CLEVELAND, O., or ST. LOUIS, MO.

AGENTS WANTED.

ROYAL HAVANA LOTTERY OF CUBA.

Conducted by the SPANISH GOVERNMENT. \$300,000 in GOLD. Drawn every Seventeen Days. Prizes paid in Gold, and information furnished. Orders solicited and promptly filled. The highest rates paid for Doubletons, and all kinds of Gold and Silver; also for all Government Securities. TAYLOR & CO., Bankers, 16 Wall St., N. Y.

HUNTING Trapping and Fishing. All about it. SENT FREE. Address "HUNTER," Hinsdale, N. H. 808-11

EVERY MAN HIS OWN PRINTER.

With one of our presses, and the material accompanying it, every man can do his own printing, thus saving much time and expense. Circulars containing full information mailed free on application. Specimen books of type, cuts, borders, etc., 10c. ADAMS Press Co., 63 Murray street, New York. 806-18

No Powder! No Danger! A genuine

Pistol, mounted and finished in brass, and fired by a powerful spring.

Bullets, shot or arrows may be used. "Dead shot" for squirrels and small game. Each pistol warranted. Sent free by mail for 75 cts. B. STANWOOD & CO., Portland, Maine.

VIN EGAR. how made in 10 hours, without drugs. Particulars 10 cents. F. SAGE, Cromwell, Conn. 809-21

NOW READY, the new and spiciest number of FRANK LESLIE'S BUDGET OF FUN ever issued. Full of humorous caricatures and racy reading. The great Cartoons are, The Short-sighted Sawyer; the Washington Robespierre; or, The Reign of Terror; Going in and Coming Out; or, To the Victor belong the Spoils; Grant and the Guillotine; FRANK LESLIE'S BUDGET OF FUN is the Prize Comic Paper of the New World, and is a roaring Record of the World of Fun, Frolic, Fancy and Fashion. Every number contains over forty illustrations, by Bellew, Howard, Stephens, and the first artists of the time. For sale everywhere.

NEW BOOKS, ETC

NOW READY.

PRONOUNCED BY THE TRADE

TO BE

The Most Superb Gift Book of the Season.

Each of the sixty-four Chromo-Lithographs fully equal to a fine water-color drawing.

WILL BE SENT FREE ON RECEIPT OF THE PRICE—\$15.

Mountains and Lakes of Switzerland and Italy.

Illustrated with sixty-four picturesque views, after original drawings by C. Pine, executed in the highest style of

CHROMO-LITHOGRAPHY.

Frank Leslie's Publishing House,

537 Pearl Street, New York.

MRS. BEETON'S BOOK

OF

HOUSEHOLD MANAGEMENT.

THE BEST COOKERY BOOK EVER

PUBLISHED, containing

Six Hundred Wood Engravings

AND

Seventy-Two Colored Illustrations,

Showing how to Cook, Dish Up, and Carve every known dish.

1140 Pages, Elegantly Bound,

Price, \$4.

This is not only the most perfect and comprehensive Cookery Book ever prepared, but contains a mass of valuable information useful to every household.

Frank Leslie's Publishing House,

537 Pearl Street, New York.

Wanted—Agents

\$75 to \$250 per month, everywhere, male and female, to introduce the GENUINE IMPROVED COMMON SENSE FAMILY SEWING MACHINE.

This Machine will stitch, hem, fell, tuck, quilt, cord, bind, braid and embroider in a most superior manner. Price only \$15. Fully licensed and warranted for five years. We will pay \$1,000 for any machine that will sew a stronger, more beautiful, or more elastic seam than ours. It makes the Elastic Lock Stitch. Every second stitch can be cut, and still the cloth cannot be pulled apart without tearing it. We pay Agents from \$75 to \$250 per month and expenses, or a commission from which twice that amount can be made. Address SECOMB & CO., Boston, Mass.; Pittsburgh, Pa.; St. Louis, Mo.; or Chicago, Ill.

Agents! Read This!

WE WILL PAY AGENTS A SALARY OF \$30 per week and expenses, or allow a large commission, to sell our new and wonderful inventions. Address M. WAGNER & CO., Marshall, Mich. 805-30

\$300 A MONTH and expenses to good Canvasers. Samples free. C. M. Linton, Chicago, 809-16

NOW IS THE TIME TO SUBSCRIBE

FOR THE

Most Profusely Illustrated

LADY'S MAGAZINE

In the World.

EACH NUMBER CONTAINS ABOUT

One Hundred and Twenty Illustrations.

NOW READY, AT ALL NEWS DEPOTS,

Frank Leslie's Lady's Magazine

For April, 1871.

This Magazine, recognized as the earliest and fullest record of European and American Fashions, is also one of the most elevated in its literary and artistic departments. The stories and sketches are domestic, graphic, full of healthy interest, such as the most refined will enjoy and the youngest appreciate.

The engravings of the Fashions are three colored fashion-plates, each occupying a full page; a quadruple-page uncolored fashion-plate; and over seventy illustrations of bonnets, garments, children's suits and articles, with working diagrams where required.

The illustrations of the Magazine are by the first European and American artists, and are far superior to those in any other similar work.

The European Fashions, from the great centres of Haut Ton, appear in this Magazine simultaneously with their publication in Europe.

TERMS TO SUBSCRIBERS.—One copy one year, or twelve numbers, \$2.50. CLUB TERMS.—Four copies one year, in one wrapper, to one address, \$14, with extra copy to person getting up club.

FRANK LESLIE'S PUBLISHING HOUSE,

537 PEARL STREET, N. Y.

BALL BLACK & CO.,

565 & 567 BROADWAY,
INVITE ATTENTION TO THEIR LARGE STOCK
OF

WALTHAM WATCHES,

AND THE LOW PRICES AT WHICH THEY
ARE SELLING THEM.

THESE WATCHES GREATLY EXCEL ANY
OTHERS MADE IN THIS COUNTRY IN FINISH,
VARIETY AND IN FINE TIME-KEEPING QUALI-
TIES, AND ARE FAR CHEAPER THAN ANY
OTHER AMERICAN WATCH, QUALITY AND PRICE
FULLY CONSIDERED.

GOODS SENT BY EXPRESS C.O.D.

tf-o

**MERIDEN BRITANNIA CO.'S
SILVER-PLATED WARE.**

A CAREFULLY SELECTED STOCK
OF
THESE JUSTLY CELEBRATED GOODS

FOR SALE BY
GILMAN COLLAMORE,
SUCCESSOR TO

G. COLLAMORE & CO.,
IMPORTER OF AND DEALER IN

FINE FRENCH & ENGLISH CHINA, GLASS, ETC.

731 Broadway, N. Y.

JAY COOKE, McCULLOCH & CO.,
No. 41 Lombard St., London.

BILLS OF EXCHANGE
ON ENGLAND, SCOTLAND, IRELAND AND WALES.
Commercial Credits.

Cable Transfers.

Our CIRCULAR LETTER for TRAVELERS, available in
all parts of the world, can be procured at either of our
offices, or through our correspondents.

At our LONDON BANKING HOUSE, arrangements have
been made for the reception of
AMERICAN TOURISTS,

with due attention to their correspondence, and the
latest advices from the United States.

JAY COOKE & CO.,

NEW YORK,
PHILADELPHIA,
WASHINGTON.

808-810-0

SWISS CARVED GOODS.

The Swiss Manufacturing Company, 36 East Four-
teenth Street, corner University Place, up-stairs,
N. Y. 801-13-0



**The Universal
Twine and
Thread Cutter** is a
neat little device, which
may be attached to the
coat, vest, lady's dress
or work-box. Saves time, twine, thread, fingers and
teeth. Samples mailed on receipt of 25 cents, silver-
plated; gold-plated, 50 cents. Address GEO. BETTS,
Sole Proprietor, 581 Broadway, N. Y. First Premium
awarded by the American Institute, 1870.



THEA-NECTAR
IS A PURE
BLACK TEA
with the Green Tea Flavor. War-
ranted to suit all tastes. For sale
everywhere. And for sale whole-
sale only by the Great Atlantic
& Pacific Tea Co., 8 Church
St., New York. P. O. Box 5506.
Send for Thea-Nectar Circular.



**DOOLEY'S
THE YEAST BEST
POWDER**
TRY IT. SOLD BY GROCERS.

GEO. A. PRINCE & CO.

Organs & Melodeons.

The Oldest, Largest and Most Perfect Manufactory
in the United States.

46,000

NOW IN USE.

No other Musical Instrument ever obtained the same
popularity.

Send for Price-Lists.

Address **BUFFALO, N. Y.,**
Or, **CHICAGO, ILL.**

tf-o

FISHERMEN!

Twines and Netting,

MANUFACTURED BY

WM. E. HOOPER & SONS,

Send for Price List. **Baltimore, Md.**
806-18-0



—WHICH FULLY ACCOUNTS FOR THE MILK THAT WAS FOUND IN THE COCOANUT.

PRANG'S Chromos—"MAIDEN'S PRAYER," "WESTPOINT," "LAKE GEORGE."
PRANG'S Chromos, sold in all respectable Art Stores throughout the world.
PRANG'S Illustrated Catalogue sent free, on receipt of stamp, by **L. PRANG & CO., Boston.**

HARVEY FISK.

OFFICE OF

A. S. HATCH.

**FISK & HATCH,
BANKERS,**

NO. 5 NASSAU ST.,

NEW YORK, March 21st, 1871.

The First Mortgage 6 Per Cent. Gold Bonds of the Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad Company

(of which about \$6,000,000 have already been marketed) are secured upon an East and West Trunk Line of
Road, 427 miles in length, the greater part of which (227 miles) is in earning operation, and the remainder
rapidly building. When completed, it will establish a short, economical, and favorite route between tide-
water navigation and the chief railroad and river cities of the West.

Besides the immense volume of through traffic between the East and West which this Road can com-
mand by its unapproachable advantages in distance, grades, fuel, and unfailing navigable connections, this
Road must convey enormous quantities of the superior smelting, canal, and bituminous coals of the Kan-
sawha Valley, and the iron ores of Virginia and West Virginia, which are in demand at both ends of the line.

The value of the property, the certainty of a large and profitable business, the established reputation and
credit of the Company, and its able and honorable management, give to these securities an assurance of su-
perior value and safety.

They may be had in *Coupon or Registered form*, and in denominations of

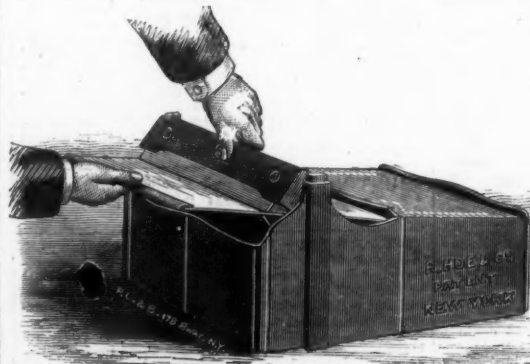
\$1,000, \$500 and \$100.

We have prepared pamphlets, showing the agricultural, mineral, and manufacturing advantages of the
adjacent territory, and the traffic facilities and financial prospects of the Road, which will be furnished on
application.

FISK & HATCH, Financial Agents.

PATENT DAMPENING TABLETS.

For Copying Letters and Legal Documents.



R. HOE & CO.,

29 and 31 Gold Street, New York.

This indispensable addition to
the ordinary Copying Press com-
prises a substantial iron case or
water-box, with a pair of rubber
wipers, so arranged that the sim-
ple act of taking a Tablet out of
the water, and passing it between
the wipers, removes the surplus
water from both sides, and pre-
pares the Tablet for immediate
use.

At one pressure of the press,
any number of manuscripts may
be copied, including many dupli-
cates of each page when desired;
an invaluable aid to the merchant
and the legal profession, where
many letters and documents are
to be copied in duplicates, with
exactness and great dispatch.

The subscribers manufacture
and keep for sale, at wholesale
and retail, a large assortment of
Letter-Copying Presses,
combining tasteful designs with
the best workmanship.

PATENTS

AMERICAN AND EUROPEAN.

MUNN & CO. continue to give opinions
in regard to the Novelty of inventions, free of
charge, make Special Examinations at the Patent
Office, prepare Specifications, Drawings, Caveats,
and Assignments, and prosecute applications for Let-
ters Patent at Washington, and in all European Coun-
tries. They give special attention to the prosecution of
Rejected Claims, Appeals, Extensions, and Inter-
ferences.

Send for Pamphlet of the New Patent Law for 1870, fur-
nished free. Address

MUNN & CO., 37 Park Row, N. Y.
810-13-0

**AGENTS WANTED FOR THE YEAR
OF BATTLES.**

A History of the
Franco-German
War. By Brockett.
Accurate, reliable, and complete. The only one published.
Send \$1.50 for outfit, and secure the best territory at once.
Address **J. W. GOODEFEE & CO., New York or Chicago.**

**PATENT
IMPROVED
REFLECTORS.**

for
ILLUMINATING
CHURCHES,
HALLS,
THEATRES,
and
SHOW WINDOWS.

Increase the Light
fourfold.

Send for Circular.
PETRY BROS. & CO.
243 Pearl St. N. Y.



**SUPERIOR IRON FITTINGS FOR
STABLES—the best and cheapest made—by**

JANES & KIRTLAND.
8 and 10 Reade Street, New York.
Send for a Catalogue. 816-31-0

MEMORY made strong; Bashfulness over-
come; How to conquer Habits; the mind
strengthened; the body made tough and vigorous. Val-
uable book, 10cts. Mailed by **A. LOOMIS, Box 5573, N. Y.**
804-10 eow-0

BALL BLACK & CO.

WILL SELL THEIR STOCK OF

**BRONZE AND IMITATION BRONZE
GAS FIXTURES,**

AT

Much Less than the Actual Cost of Manufacture.

These goods are of the newest patterns, and in finish
superior to any in the market. To those furnishing
houses, this is an opportunity to procure the

BEST CHANDELIERS, BRACKETS, ETC.,

at a less price than they would pay for inferior
fixtures.

It is our intention to give up entirely this branch
of our business, which causes so great a reduction
in price.

Ball, Black & Co.,

565 and 567 Broadway, New York.

Lea & Perrins' Sauce.

Of superior zest and relish. The best and most
economical Sauce known, and generally in use in
Europe and America.

JOHN DUNCAN'S SONS,
Special Agents,
UNION SQUARE, AND 30 SOUTH WILLIAM STREET.
tf-o



**BLEES'
NOISELESS
LOCK-STITCH
Sewing Machine**

Challenges the world in
perfection of work, du-
rability of construction,
strength and beauty of
stitch, and rapidity of
motion. Call and ex-
amine. Send for circular.
Agents wanted.

MANUFACTURED BY
BLEES
Sewing Machine Co.,
623 Broadway, N. Y.

WATCHES THAT ARE WATCHES.

We shall be pleased to send our Descriptive Price
List of Genuine Waltham Watches, together with an
illustrated pamphlet, entitled

"A HISTORY OF WATCHMAKING,"

to all who send us their address. No matter how re-
mote you are from New York, we can sell you a watch
at the same price as if you were here. When you
write, mention that you saw this notice in **FRANK
LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.**

809-100] **HOWARD & CO., 865 Broadway, N. Y.**

Family Favorite.

THOSE MAGIC LETTERS



So familiar to every one acquainted with the
Weed Sewing Machine,
Have been **PATENTED** as the Trade-Mark of the
Company.

THE FAMILY FAVORITE

Is the **BEST Sewing-Machine** for Universal Purposes.

Lock-Stitch; Shuttle; Straight Needle.
Sows Lace to Leather; Executes Stitching, Hem-
ming, Felling, Quilting, Braiding, Binding,
Cording, Hem-Stitching, Faggoting,
Fringing, Frizzling, Piping,
Tubing, Embroidering.

BRANCH OFFICES:

613 BROADWAY, New York.
349 WASHINGTON STREET, Boston.
1,015 CHESTNUT STREET, Philadelphia.
53 NORTH CHARLES ST., Baltimore.
121 LAKE STREET, Chicago.
218 NORTH FIFTH ST., St. Louis.

Agencies in all parts of the United States.

Weed Sewing Machine Co., Hartford, Conn



**THE NEW EMPIRE
SEWING MACHINES**
Prove a perfect success. The Com-
pany stands prepared to meet all de-
mands on most desirable terms.
Apply for circulars, samples, etc., to

EMPIRE S. M. CO.,
204 BOWERY, N. Y. 806-8070

VICK'S

FLORAL GUIDE

For 1871.

THE FIRST EDITION OF ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY
THOUSAND copies of **Vick's Illustrated Cata-**
logue of Seeds and Floral Guide, is published
and ready to send out—100 pages, and an Engraving
of almost every desirable Flower and Vegetable. It
is elegantly printed on fine tinted paper, illustrated
with Three Hundred fine Wood Engravings and Two beautiful

COLORED PLATES.

The most beautiful and the most instructive Floral
Guide published. A **GERMAN EDITION** pub-
lished, in all other respects similar to the English.

Sent free to all my customers of 1870, as rapidly as
possible, without application. Sent to all others who
order them for **Ten Cents**, which is not half the
cost. Address

JAMES VICK,
Rochester, N. Y.